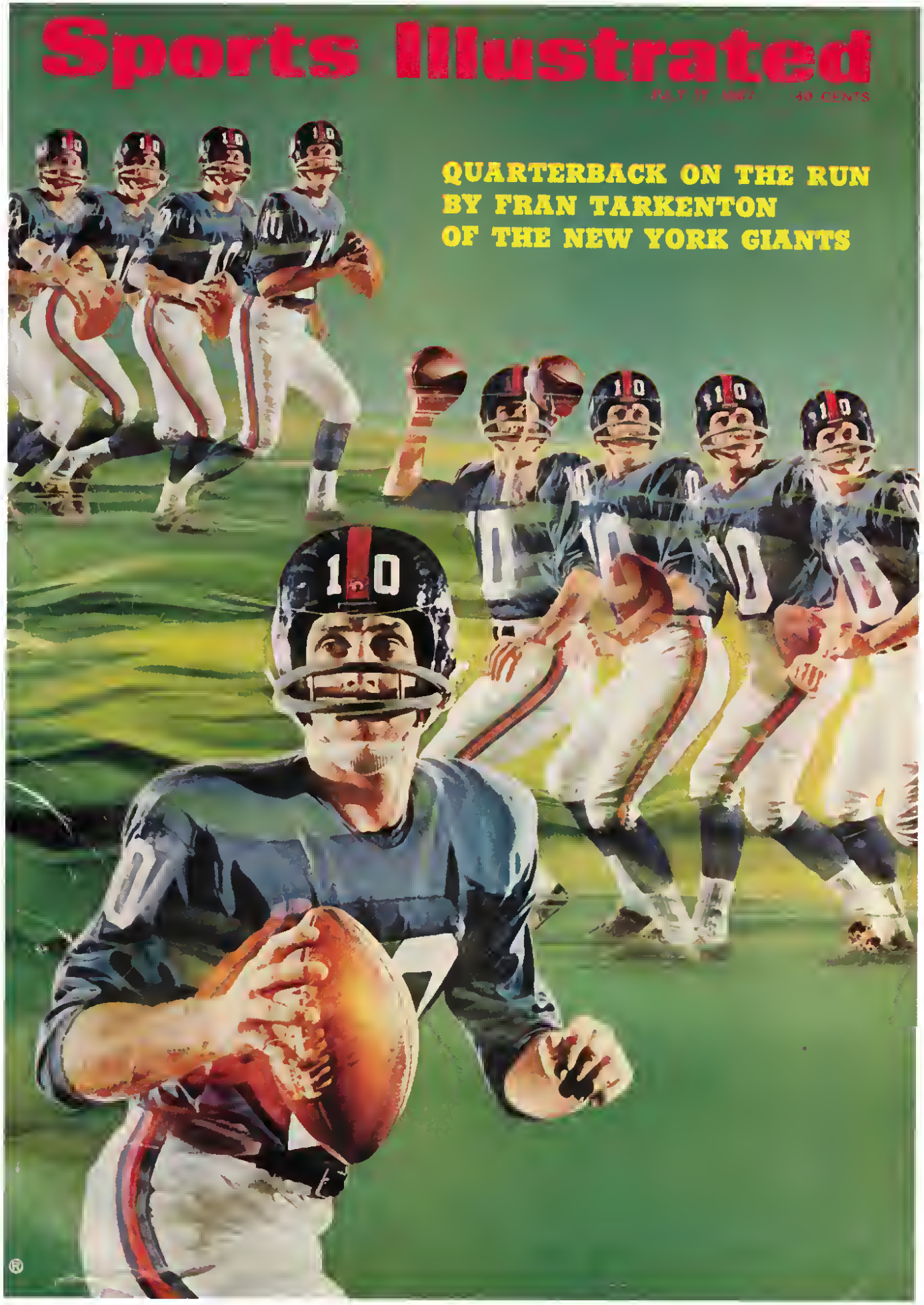
Sports Illustrated

JULY 31, 1967 40 CENTS



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BY FRAN TARKENTON
OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS



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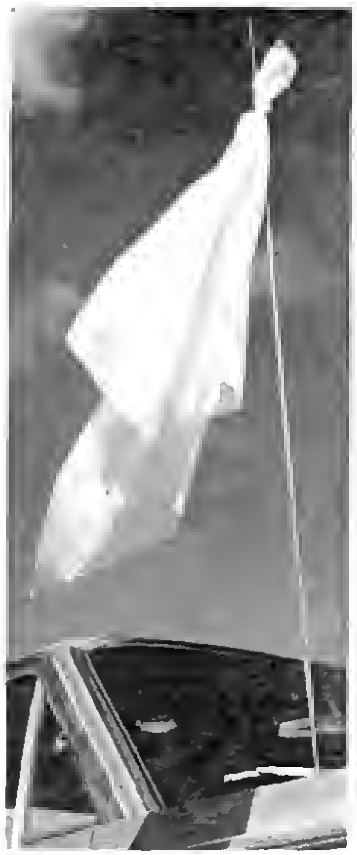
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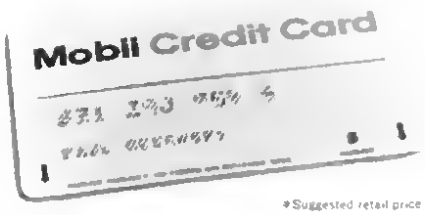
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Next week

FRAN TARKENTON'S struggles as a rookie with the new Vikings—the brain-crushing puzzles of complex defenses and the pain of the pass rush—are told in Part 2 of his story.

WHO IS NUMERO UNO? This question, asked each season by U.S. bullfight fans, is answered by John McCormick in an authoritative evaluation of the *corrida*, its *toreros* and *toros*.

HAWAII IS INVADED by 20,000 kids from the mainland—surfers, beachies, bleachies and blasters—in a massive summer-in protest against anything but having a good time.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Ten years ago, in the July issues of this magazine, we reported the historic Wimbledon victory of Althea Gibson, talked with Al Lopez about the chances of his Chicago White Sox, who were at the top of the American League then as now; and picked Floyd Patterson to keep his heavyweight championship in a fight with Hurricane Jackson. There was much more, of course, but in all the 320 pages, 110,000 words and some 400 pictures of those issues there was not one yat or tittle of football.

Times have changed. The summer sun may be high and hot, but the football season is beginning, and with it the most ambitious program of coverage that we have yet scheduled. The big special issues on college and professional football will not appear for almost two months, but in the meantime there is much to write about in the sport. The first item is the beginning (on page 74) of Fran Tarkenton's story of his career as a most unusual quarterback. The series with the New York Giants' new man in constant motion is the kind of piece that gives dimension to the game's personalities.

Even now most of last year's outstanding college seniors are heading for pro camps from Andover, Mass. to San Diego, Calif. to compete with the regulars for starting positions. (They face unfriendly odds. Of the 40 to 60 rookies trying to crack each of the 25 NFL and AFL teams, only six, on the average, will make it.) By July 23 the last of the regulars will be in camp, too, tuning up for the opening exhibition games of early August.

This year brings the first preseason games between the NFL and the AFL and thus the chance for the younger league to avenge some of the blood lost by Kansas City in the first Super Bowl. Sixteen interleague games will be played before the two leagues settle down to the long regular-season schedules. The NFL will have a new look, now that it has been sliced into four four-team divisions playing within Eastern and Western Conferences. Two new teams have been added to the scene: the NFL's New Orleans Saints (the subject of an early SI story to come), who are in camp right now sorting bodies for the 1967 season, and an AFL Cincinnati outfit that starts preparation for the 1968 campaign under the leadership of a legendary pro football organizer, Paul Brown, the former coach and general manager of the Cleveland Browns.

With all other fans, we will be watching the preseason match-ups with unusual interest. The NFL vs. AFL evidence starts coming in on Aug. 5, when the Detroit Lions go to Denver to play the Broncos. Thereafter some of the better games will match the Philadelphia Eagles and New York Jets, the Los Angeles Rams and San Diego Chargers, the Chicago Bears and Kansas City Chiefs and the San Francisco 49ers and Oakland Raiders.

Patrons of the New York Giants should be heartened by Tarkenton's optimistic words in these pages, and we think all football fans will want to read not only Fran's plain talk about fancy scrambling, but also the following parts, in which he discusses the problems of being a rookie quarterback, describes his long apprenticeship at Minnesota and eventual split with the volatile Norm Van Brocklin, gives his authoritative view of how to read defenses and make plays go and tells how to beat the Green Bay Packers.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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BOOKTALK

The men who saved the famed Lipizzan stallions tells how they are trained

The romance of the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, home of the graceful white Lipizzan stallions, has fostered a cult without equal in the equestrian world. Fanned by melodramatic books (Mary Stewart's thriller, *Airs Above the Ground*) and movies (*Florian* and *Miracle of the White Stallions*) Lipizzan fans view these superhorses with something close to reverence. When the stallions last toured the U.S. in 1964, they played to sold-out houses in six cities and, even after a two-century run at the same glamorous stand, tickets for their show in Vienna are still difficult to obtain.

As most people know, Colonel Alois Podhajsky, director of the Spanish Riding School from 1939 until his retirement in 1965, was the man responsible, along with General Patton, for keeping the stud intact during World War II. In the past Colonel Podhajsky has written a number of romantic books about his horses to titillate the cultists (*My Dancing White Horses* and the *Hofreitschule*). Now he has produced a volume called *The Complete Training of Horse and Rider in the Principles of Classical Horsemanship* (Doubleday, $7.95) that is directed squarely at the serious student of the art.

Podhajsky's respect for the horse is apparent throughout his book. It is a truism that patience and kindness get the best results, but many hurried horsemen overlook the fact. "The young horse will not get his first impressions from his rider but from the treatment by his groom," says Podhajsky. "The importance of correct care in the stable cannot be emphasized too strongly with both the young horse and the fully trained one. Rough or unreasonable treatment may have a bad effect on the training . . with shy or well-bred horses. It is hardly necessary," he adds, "to state that punishment must never be administered from temper or because the rider is in a bad humor. The rider should never forget that horses have long memories and are easily frightened."

As elementary and sensible as Podhajsky's advice sounds, one needs only to visit an average horse show to see how often this approach, which dates back to Xenophon, is forgotten.

Another new book dedicated to the training of horses from the basic steps to advanced schooling is called *Equitation. Learning and Teaching* (A. S. Barnes, $10). Written by Jean Froissard, it is a lively manual that even gives the equestrian advice on press relations at horse shows. This book benefits somewhat from a collection of interesting illustrations out of museums that makes the photographs in Colonel Podhajsky's book seem unnecessarily bleak.

—Alice Higgins

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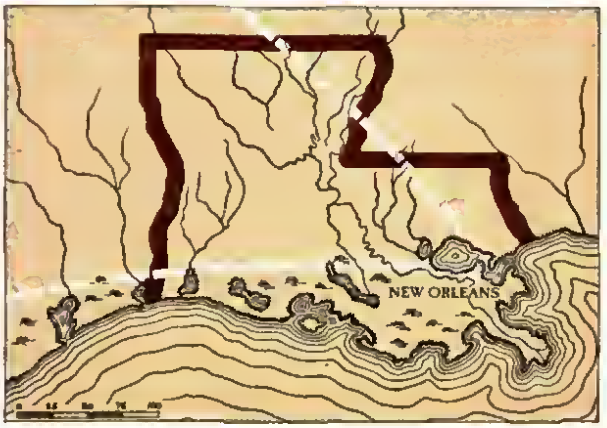


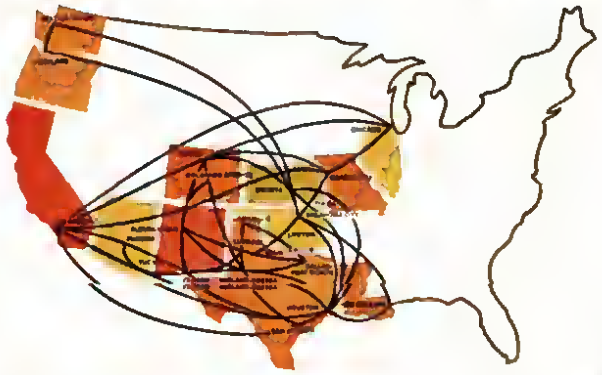
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SCORECARD

A MATTER OF KLASS

The Ladies Professional Golfers Association has a knotty little problem, 10-year-old Beverly Klass, a California child who has been entering LPGA tournaments. Beverly, a fifth-grader, is a fine golfer, by 10-year-old standards, but she has no more place in a professional golf tournament than a midget did batting for the St. Louis Browns, and the suspicion is that the goal in each case is the same: publicity. Having put up with Beverly for three tournaments (she averaged 91 in the Dallas Civitan Open, 86 at St. Louis and 96 in the U.S. Open), Lennie Wirtz, the LPGA tournament director, tried to have her kept out of last week's Lady Carling Open in Baltimore on the grounds that her entry would violate Maryland's child labor laws. Not so, said the State, so Beverly played—and shot 86–92–92 to finish 63 shots behind winner Mickey Wright. Now the LPGA is changing its rules to prevent any professional who is not 18 years old from entering its tournaments.

Beverly's father, a Woodland Hills, Calif. contractor, says he does not think any such restrictive rule can be applied retroactively, and he is threatening to sue. The LPGA, with some sense of what is detrimental to the game, should have been wiser than to accept her initial entry at Dallas—and somebody in the Klass family deserves a spanking.

WINDY CITY

Some time ago Pablo Picasso designed a metal sculpture for the city of Chicago, and plans were to erect the five-story-tall, $300,000 structure in front of the new Civic Center. But now some local politicians feel they have a more apt idea. Instead of the Picasso they want a gigantic bronze of Ernie Banks, which would, they say, reflect the true spirit of the city. One of the mayor's aides says of Picasso's work: "If it's a bird or an animal they ought to put it in the zoo. If it is art, they ought to put it in the Art Institute."

Alderman John Hoellen introduced a resolution in the City Council last week to scrap Picasso's work and ship "the rising heap of rusting iron" back to France. He pointed out that Picasso is a Communist, and that the artist was possibly playing a joke on Chicagoans. "Picasso's work may be a heroic monument to some Barbary ape or some sort of Trojan dove," said Alderman Hoellen. "What we need is a statue to the eternal greatness of Chicago's own Achilles—Ernie Banks." If that metaphor seems mixed, remember that Banks was spiked in the heel in a game two weekends ago.

An opposing alderman argued meanwhile that Picasso's work is in the go-go spirit of the city, and in its way "is a monument to the Cubs and the Sox and everything they have accomplished this year." It would seem a politic assessment of Picasso.

THE ODYSSEY

Homer Shoop had a lifelong ambition —to play at Wimbledon. This year the 53-year-old North Webster, Ind. banker made it, appearing in the senior men's doubles with his friend Gardnar Mulloy, who had won that championship the past eight years. But sad to report, it was not quite as glorious an occasion as Homer had hoped. Using his underhand serve, he managed to score only one point for his side as he and Mulloy were beaten 6–1, 6–4. "I will never play with Homer again," said Mulloy, with a trace of a smile.

At match point a high lob had sailed over the net toward Homer, Mulloy shouted "cross," whereupon Homer made a loping rush, collided with his partner and knocked him down.

Mulloy said he should have known better than to play with Homer, anyway. When they teamed up in Monte Carlo not so long ago, Prince Rainier fell off his chair laughing. "I remember all I could see were the Prince's feet sticking up next to Princess Grace," Mulloy said. "But Homer wanted to play at Wimbledon so badly I couldn't bring myself to refuse. He is a very influential man in Indiana."

DONE WITH A TWINKLE

The current fad in Europe, prompted by the publishing a few weeks ago of *The Dog Horoscope Book*, is canine astrology. The author, Liz Tresilian, a 25-year-old British woman, claims, for example, that dogs born under the sign of Gemini are eternal babies and have split personalities, but nonetheless are intelligent, enjoy chasing cats and particularly adore having their ears scratched. A dog born under Taurus "will be a bore . . . dead from the neck up and tedious beyond compare. You will not have to teach him to sit but to stand, because saving energy will be one of his main preoccupations." A Virgoan "will have green feet. He will take a genuine interest in your garden." A dog born under Capricorn "will have an interest in class and social standing. . . . He will be aware that top people believe hunting, shooting and fishing should automatically be among the accomplishments of civilized beings, and he will put in a lot of time improving his standards in these sports." The Aquarian will be an avid, if unaccomplished, hunter. Having scented



his quarry, "he will want to know why it was in such a hurry, how many brothers and sisters it has and how long it has been living in the district. To get this information he will have to go right back to the beginning, so instead of following the rabbit he will take the scent in the opposite direction."

Miss Tresilian admits she is only a casual student of astrology and has based her book on dogs she has known

continued

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"

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rather than on a feel for the stars. Her current astrological laboratory is limited to her 4-year-old basset, named Budget. He is an Aquarian.

But the response to the book has been so overwhelming that the famous Paris *voyante*, Mme. Frederika, who lives on the Rue St. Honoré in an apartment that is said to have been Robespierre's, has had to accede to her clients' requests for dog horoscopes. Mme. Frederika says she is a fortune teller "with no mind for numbers. Astrology is a kind of mathematical discipline, so my secretary is the one who handles these cases." When summoned, the secretary arrives carrying a tray with three glasses and a bottle of champagne. Everyone has a nip, the dog gets his stars read and the client departs, none the wiser.

TIP FROM THE TOP

Twelve years ago Jerry Cooper of Walnut Creek, Calif. was taken to Golden Gate Fields by his uncle, Ed Romero, the *San Francisco Examiner* horse racing handicapper. One of the track directors gave Jerry a money clip as a souvenir. The clip had on it the imprint of a win mutuel ticket, dated July 7, 1967 on the No. 7 horse in the seventh race. Over the years, Jerry saved up, waiting for July 7, 1967. Last Friday he took all his money—a little more than $100—and bet the No. 7 horse in the seventh race at the Alameda County (Calif.) Fair. The horse won, paying off at 4 to 1. Jerry collected $570.

STIRLING

The other day, in an interview in London, Britain's once-great racing driver, Stirling Moss, said he felt the urge to race again. Five years after his near-fatal crash, Moss admits he has even gone so far as to take out a competition driving license under an assumed name. "I used just a plain ordinary name," he said. "I won't tell you what it was, because it is the sort of thing one should save." The license, he believes, has expired, but his hopes of racing again have not. "I know that the barrier built by five years of development of drivers, cars, tires and experience could be almost insuperable," he said. "If only one could go back as a beginner and not be expected to jump into the top class again. But I have a tremendous number of business commitments, which are based on the reputation that took me so

long to build up. I have to make up my mind whether I'm prepared to stake my reputation again on the race track."

And his life.

NEW ANGLE

Lionel L. Watson, a San Antonio angler, has an armchair method for determining if the fish in his neighborhood are biting. He keeps a pet black bass in a tub in his breezeway. If the bass only nibbles at his breakfast, Watson says, the fishing will not be worthwhile, but if the bass gulps down his morning perch, fishing in a 250-mile radius will be excellent.

DRAFT DODGER

The newly formed American Basketball Association has had to go after some relatively unknown players to fill out its teams, but none quite so unknown as the one the Louisville Colonels came up with recently. In the draft last April Louisville took one "6′ 10″ Smith (first name unavailable) from Kent State." It turned out that Kent State had no Smiths on its squad at all. Then it was believed the player drafted might be 6′ 10″ Roy Smith, a center from Kansas State. Apparently not. Smith was planning to enter graduate school at the University of Hawaii. So Louisville tried a Bob Smith at Kansas State. Two weeks ago Bob received the following letter: "This is to notify you of the basketball tryouts on June 26 to June 30 here in Louisville. We are somewhat familiar with your ability but we need to see you work and discuss the opportunity you have in playing with the Kentucky Colonels. Please try to arrive in good physical condition and bring your playing equipment with you. Yours in sports, John Givens, basketball coach."

Bob Smith is a 41-year-old, 5′ 8″ civil engineering professor. "I do stay in pretty good shape," he said, "but I have decided not to go."

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Construction of a $1.7 million hotel on the 17th hole at St. Andrews' Old Course has begun, with the approval, surprisingly enough, of the Royal and Ancient. Tucked into the dogleg of the famed 453-yard hole known as The Road will be an 80-room structure of native sandstone, which the planners say will not "adversely affect the appearance of the Old Course as golfers know it."

Since this corner of the Old Course

continued

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has in the past been occupied by a British Railways switching yard, a coal dump and a warehouse, retaining the atmosphere must have severely tested the creativity of the architects. But they apparently have succeeded in their design. A switchman's cottage will be converted into a pub, and the black, formidable railroad sheds that have long formed a natural hazard for big hitters trying to take the short way home across the dogleg, have been incorporated into the plans. They will be demolished, but a tearoom exactly the same length and height as the sheds will be built on the site. Then, to give it the authentic look, the tearoom will be covered with planks from the old sheds—which are pockmarked from being hit by golf balls "Some of those timbers must be in a queer state," the St Andrews' town clerk said recently, "but it will be an interesting link with the past" In addition, a special gutter system and downspout on the tearoom will return to the ground any errant golf balls that land on the roof

Still, it won't be the same A man could say he "hit one into the sheds" with a sense of pride in the boldness that led to misfortune But how will he ever be able to stand at the bar and confess he "sliced one into the tearoom"?

SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

Lady Chichester turned up at her husband's knighting ceremony last week in a rumpled pants suit, which was variously described by the British press as red, lavender, crimson, scarlet, cherry red and as "an insult to our Lord Mayor and Corporation." Obviously the outfit was an eye-catcher.

THEY SAID IT

• Tom Murphy, 63-year-old Cincinnati Red assistant trainer, when asked why a man of his age was in the middle of a recent Reds-Cardinals brawl: "I was picking up the players' caps They cost $6.50 apiece"

• Bob Ward, University of Maryland football coach, after 12 players flunked off the team: "I don't have all their names on the tip of my tongue, but if you come down to my office tomorrow I can give them all to you"

• Bob Feller, former Cleveland pitcher: "I was the originator of the three-hour game, and it's damn boring. The extra time is the result of overmanaging, overumpiring and overadvising" **END**

Sports Illustrated
JULY 17, 1967

THE BEST RECORD YET

It was even better than the mile, Jim Ryun said, after he broke the 1,500-meter mark by more than two seconds in the U.S.-Commonwealth meet. Most of the men ran true to form as the girls provided the upsets **by PETE AXTHELM**

Jogging around in front of the starting line last Saturday in his buoyant, energetic style, Kipchoge Keino smiled broadly and bowed to the crowd in the Los Angeles Coliseum. The second-fastest middle-distance runner in the world, Keino had been reluctant to come from Kenya to face Jim Ryun, the fastest of all, in the 1,500-meter run at the U.S.-British Commonwealth meet. He claimed he was not in condition to challenge Ryun, who was clearly in the best form of his remarkable career.

But as race time approached, Keino seemed to lose his doubts in anticipation of a race that promised to produce brilliant competition and a possible world record. He looked fit and confident and ready to give Ryun one of his most severe tests. And Ryun, who stood with hands on hips as Keino entertained the crowd, might have had reason to fear his rival. A week earlier Keino had run a mile in 3:55 at the 5,900-foot altitude of Nyeri, Kenya—a feat that some compared favorably with Ryun's sea-level world record of 3:51.1.

But Jim was not fazed at all by such news. First of all, there were reports that overenthusiastic timers might have had some influence on Keino's almost unbelievable clocking in Kenya. More important, Ryun is so strong now that he could not help thinking that even if Keino were to beat the existing records, he—Ryun—would still beat Keino.

Ryun was told of Keino's decision to come to Los Angeles on the Tuesday before the race. He took a few seconds to ponder that 3:55 mile, then shrugged. "Oh, well," he said, "I guess I'd better start resting up for him."

Awaiting the start of the 1,500, Ryun stared straight ahead, then glanced to his left, where Keino was preparing to leave from an inside lane. The other four competitors—all sub-four-minute milers—hardly mattered. "I had a simple plan," Ryun said. "I wanted to stay just behind Keino and watch his every move." Keino's first move was to drop back casually into fifth place, so Ryun eased into last position as Dave Bailey of Canada set a leisurely pace through the first lap. When Bailey's first-quarter time of 60.9 seconds was announced, most observers resigned themselves to a slow, tactical battle in which Herb Elliott's world record of 3:35.6, set in the 1960 Rome Olympics, would not be endangered. Then, with dramatic suddenness, Keino took his best shot at Ryun. In an explosive burst designed to catch his pursuer off balance, Kip rushed into the lead at the beginning of the second lap. He sprinted the second quarter in 56.5, fast enough to eliminate four of his rivals and put the world record within reach once again—but not fast enough to pull away from Ryun.

Jim seemed to stalk Keino's rapid pace as easily as he had followed Bailey's slow one. "Keino knows he doesn't have the kick to finish with me," he explained, "so I expected him to try and open up a lead with a move like that. I felt loose, though, and it was no strain to keep up with him."

Kip maintained his pace through the third quarter, but the pressure wasn't bothering Ryun a bit; in fact, Jim was beginning to enjoy it. "It was the first time I've had anyone set a good pace for me since my 3:51.3 mile at Berkeley last summer," he said. "I like it that way, because I'm a very poor judge of pace when I have to set it myself."

With 300 yards to go, Ryun decided to make his move. In a few long, smooth strides he was alongside Keino, and the crowd rose to watch the final struggle to the tape. But there was never a struggle and it was all over within seconds. Ryun pulled away from the Kenya champion with surprising ease and drew out to a 30-yard lead through the stretch. He ran the final quarter in 54.1 to finish in 3:33.1, breaking Elliott's record by two and a half seconds. It was a shocking destruction of the oldest valid middle-distance mark, and Ryun naturally was delighted. "This was an even better record than the mile," he said. "This one should be much tougher to beat."

Sipping a Coke an hour later, he repeated what he had said after his mile record two weeks before: "I still don't feel my limit has been reached. I can go faster." In the rough calculations of most track experts, his 1,500-meter time was equal to a mile in anything from 3:48.5 to 3:50. Jim could not argue with that conclusion. A mile is about 120 yards longer than 1,500 meters, and he said,

continued

Approaching the last 300 meters, Ryun overtakes Keino as he starts the amazing kick that quickly took him to a long lead and another record.


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"I could have gone another 120 yards after this race with no trouble at all."

Thus Ryun has completed the astonishing feat of becoming the best ever at the three distances he has tackled seriously. He has now run the fastest mile in history, the fastest metric mile, and he has run the fastest half mile (1:44.9) as well. Because of AAU intransigence, he may not receive official recognition for the half-mile mark, it was set in last year's meet sponsored by the U.S. Track and Field Federation, and the AAU has refused to forward it to the international body for validation (SI, Feb. 13, *et seq.*). Nevertheless, no runner has ever equaled this achievement.

Loser Keino was hardly disgraced, his time of 3:37.2 was less than two seconds off the old record and one of the fastest 1,500 meters ever run. But Kip lost all his exuberance the moment Ryun swept so easily past him. He refused to talk to anyone after the race and sulked off to his room—just as he had done after his only other race against Ryun, a defeat in a two-mile run at last spring's Coliseum Relays.

With his last challenger soundly beaten and another record under his name, Ryun permitted himself to celebrate Saturday night. Tired of his constant training diet of steak, he ate a large fish dinner at a Newport Beach restaurant, then slept unusually late. Sunday afternoon he was again on the track, but this time as a photographer for a Topeka newspaper. "They have a photography pool at this meet," he said. "They just have a few guys with credentials to take the pictures that are sent out." Ordinarily, 20-year-old part-time Topeka journalists might not be included in photographers' pools at international track meets. "Oh, I told them they didn't *have* to give me a pass," joked Jim. "But then they would've gotten a 3.35.7 race."

Ryun earned his pass by providing the high point of a very exciting weekend for the 45,000 who attended the two-day meet in the Coliseum. Apparently an international dual meet lacks gate appeal unless the rival teams consist of natural "enemies" like the U.S. and the Russians. But this Commonwealth squad had enough stars to provide a series of interesting events. One of the best —and, once again, the most inconclusive—was the 100-meter dash. Charlie Greene, given a special leave after two weeks of ROTC training camp, was back for one more try against Jim Hines, who won a narrow and disputed decision in the 100-yard dash at the AAU championships two weeks ago. But the training program at Fort Lewis, Wash. is not designed to sharpen sprinters, and Greene conceded, "In my present physical condition, I'm afraid I won't be able to beat Jim."

With this golden opportunity glimmering before him, Hines promptly went out and committed two false starts. Since young Willie Turner of Oregon State had previously disqualified *himself* with two false starts, U.S. hopes in the 100—an event we normally take complete charge of in international competition—rested entirely on Greene. But Charlie wasn't quite up to it. He lost to Jamaican Lennox Miller, the USC sophomore whom he had whipped last month at the NCAA meet. "I knew I could beat him," said Miller, who ran the 100 meters in 10.1. "If I hadn't tied up when I caught him after 60 yards in the NCAAs, I would have won that, too."

Greene said, "I was really short at the finish today." And Hines, true to the sprinter's code of this season, added, "It was Miller who broke too soon when they called me for that second jump. If I had been in there, I probably would have run it in 9.9."

In the 200 meters the next day, Hines got his chance at another rival who was hampered by recent Army duty: world-record holder Tommie Smith, who had been on the track only twice since the AAU meet two weeks earlier. "I don't think you can fall out of shape in a few weeks," said Smith, who had been with Greene at Fort Lewis. "But you can lose your edge."

He had lost enough of it to be defeated by Lee Evans in a 220 in Honolulu the week before, and was expected to fall to Hines on Sunday. "In my condition," he said, "I'd be happy to run about 20.3, even if that wasn't good enough to win." Then he went out and ran 20.2—only .2 off his own world mark —and beat Hines by a stride.

"I had Tommie beaten on the turn," said Hines. "But when I straightened out into that headwind I ran into trouble."

After Miller's dash victory, American men took first place in every other event except the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs and the steeplechase. The only Commonwealth men's triumphs were achieved by three Kenyans: Naftali Temu won the 10,000, Benjamin Kogo took the steeplechase, and Keino came back from his defeat by Ryun to beat Australian Ron Clarke by 20 yards in the 5,000 meters. Bob Day and Gerry Lindgren set most of the early pace, with Clarke third and Keino dawdling near the back of the field. By the sixth lap Lindgren was looking plaintively behind him for someone else to take the lead. But Gerry had to do it himself for about half the race, and the effort left him a weary third at the finish.

Clarke and Keino moved to the front on the 11th lap and pulled away from their rivals, Clarke leading. Keino sprinted alongside Clarke briefly as they entered the final lap but Clarke held him off. "That didn't worry me," said Keino. "I felt so strong I knew I had the race won." In the last 300 yards he zoomed around Clarke and easily drew away to win in the fair time of 13:36.8.

It was Keino's fifth straight victory over Clarke, who holds the world record of 13:16.6 in the event, but this time the Australian had an excuse. In a warm-up session Friday night he and Ryun had been kidding about racing one another at varying distances from a mile up. "To give me a chance," said Clarke, "we'd have to include the steeplechase." Ryun said, "No, thanks."

"Oh, these low steeplechase hurdles wouldn't bother you," said Clarke. "They're easy to handle. Try going over that trash can over there." Ryun elected to pass, so Clarke jogged toward the can, launched a graceful hurdle—and pulled a groin muscle. It was treated all weekend but still bothered him during the 5,000.

There were few surprises among the other American winners. Wade Bell, the Oregon sophomore who is improving so steadily that he may soon set some world records of his own, won the 800 meters in the splendid time of 1:45, despite a slightly premature move that almost caused him to be caught from behind near the tape. "I didn't know much about the foreign runners," he explained. "I had heard that the fellow from Kenya [Wilson Kiprugut] could run some very fast quarters, and of course I knew Larry

continued

The 100 meters got under way five times. Willie Turner (top, second from right) was disqualified after two false starts. Then Jim Hines (third from left) was eliminated the same way. Finally, Lennox Miller beat Charlie Greene.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG



Britain's high-jump winner Linda Knowles stays in shape by dancing in discothèques

Kelly could really move. I'm always worried against guys with more speed than I have. So when Noel Clough moved, I figured I'd better follow him." Bell accompanied Clough past the tiring Kelly, who had set an extremely fast pace for the first 400 meters. Then, his cheeks puffed in the characteristic expression he shows as he is about to break open a race, Bell just kept right on going.

"I know that's become a habit with me," he said. "When I'm ready to move I take a really deep breath and kind of explode. It's something I picked up from Dyrol Burleson." He exploded so powerfully that he was 10 yards ahead of the field entering the last turn. "I knew that I was moving too early," he said, "but I was accelerating so fast that I was afraid not to keep going. I was pretty tired in the last yards." Kiprugut, a bronze medalist at Tokyo, got to within two yards of Bell at the tape (*right*).

Other consistent American winners like Lee Evans in the 400, Willie Davenport and Ron Whitney in the hurdles and Randy Matson in the shotput helped run up a 254–170 team victory. Paul Wilson failed in his attempt to break his own two-week-old pole vault record of 17′8″, but his 17′5″ vault won the event by more than a foot, as steady 17-footers Bob Seagren and Dick Railsback had shockingly bad days. Railsback dropped out after clearing only 15′5″ and Seagren, who had tried an instant cure for a sore throat by taking a huge dose of cough medicine, had been so sick for two days that he barely made 16′1″.

A few smug observers assumed the U.S. women would win as easily as the men. "We saw a headline Sunday morning," said Australian Sprinter Dianne Burge, "that said the U.S. girls were routing us—and they were only one point ahead at the time. So we really wanted to show them something." Dianne and a group of other talented Commonwealth girls showed their hosts a lot and wound up with a decisive 125–102 triumph. Dianne and Irene Piotrowski of Vancouver gave their team one-two sweeps of both the 100- and 200-meter sprints, over fields that included world-record holders Barbara Ferrell and Wyomia Tyus. Then Pam Kilborn, a blonde 27-year-old schoolteacher who has at various times been the Australian champion in the hurdles, long jump, 100 yards and pentathlon, won the 80-meter hurdles as Dianne and Irene cheered.

The Commonwealth girls had hardly recovered from these victories when 18-year-old Lillian Board of Britain scored the biggest upset of the meet. Lillian went into the 400 meters with the slowest mark among the six contestants and little expectation of defeating favorites Charlotte Cooke or Judy Pollock. "I just had a terrible dread," she said, "of finishing last—or of not finishing at all. But much to my surprise, I kept my head. When Cooke and Pollock went past me, I just said, 'I'm not going to try to keep up with you.'" Then the leaders tired in the stretch, and Lillian came from behind with a rush to win.

The major consolation for the American girls came from the performance of Madeline Manning, who turned in the gamest race of the meet to hold off world-record holder Pollock and win the 800 meters in U.S. record time of 2:01.6. Madeline, who is 19 and has just completed her first year at Tennessee State, left looking happily ahead. "That world record can't be too far off now."

Linda Knowles (*left*) is not too close to any records, but the British high-jump winner may have had more fun than anyone last weekend. "What a fantastic privilege to be here," she said after her 5′8¼″ jump won the event. "I've been pointing for this ever since I was named to the team." Linda, however, does not point for an event with quite the intensity of a Ryun. "I don't train too hard," she said. "I'm in a physical-education college in Sussex, so I get my exercise playing volleyball and hockey and things. And I like to dance a lot." Linda is 21 and tall and striking and gets much of her dance training in miniskirts at discothèques.

"What is your background in track?" she was asked.

"My mum chased dad a long time."

"What does this win prove to you?"

"That I jumped higher than the others."

"What about conditions here?"

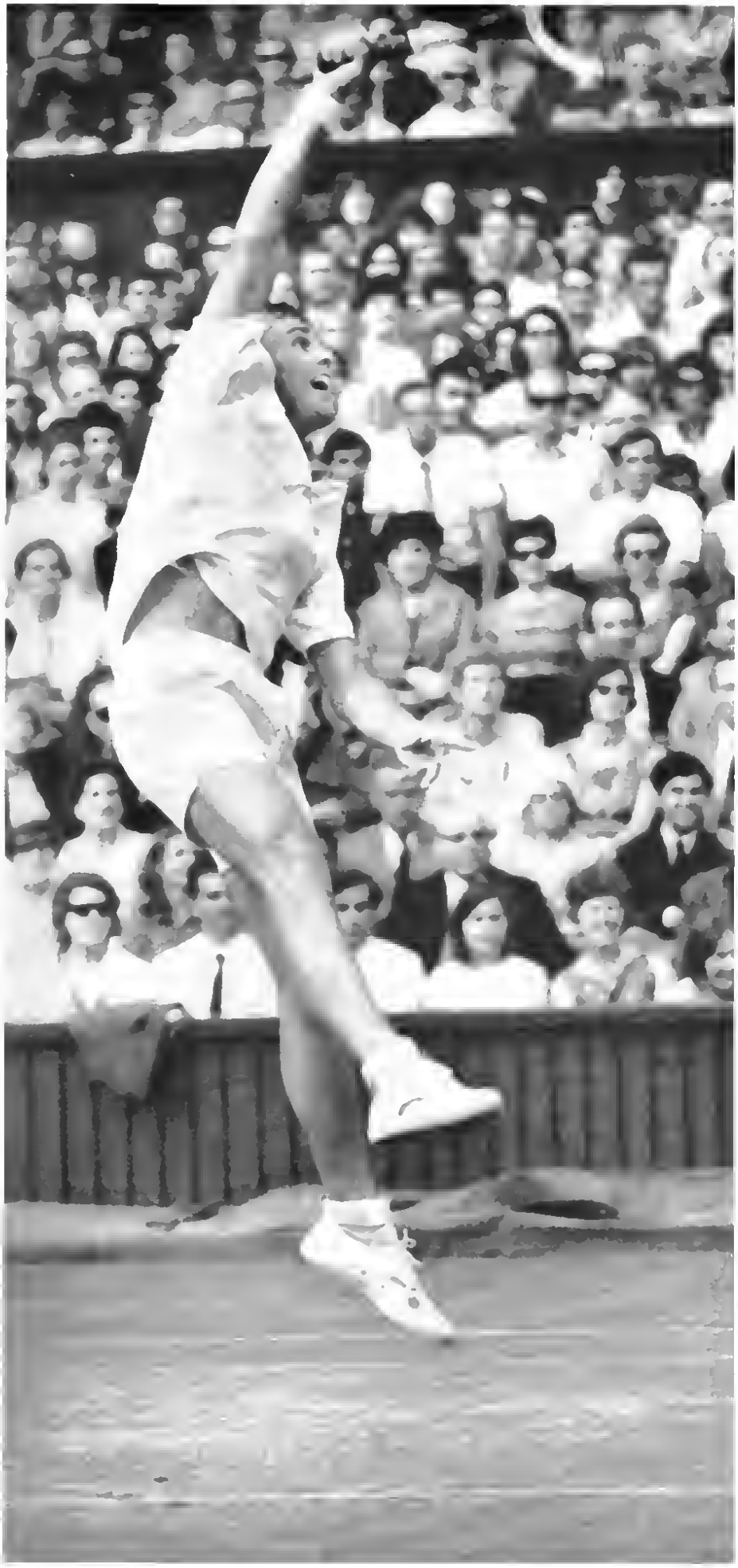
"The artificial pit is great. Just imagine, you don't have any little chappy running around with a rake all the time."

"And what about the meet as a whole?"

"Oh, Jim Ryun is just so fantastic. I mean, it doesn't seem right that he should just get a silver bowl like the rest of us. Couldn't they give him the whole Coliseum or something?" **END**

Hanging on after his premature kick, Wade Bell beats Wilson Kiprugut in 800 meters


45
AAU
USA



SOME BEER

It is a custom with Australian tennis players to engage from time to time in a ritual known as a beer-drinking relay race, the stein being passed from one man to another, each quaffing in turn. It is also an old Aussie custom to pass around the world's top tennis titles. Roy Emerson, currently the senior member of the relay team, had earlier this year won the Australian and French titles, but last week at Wimbledon he passed the stein to John Newcombe, a good-looking, husky 23-year-old. In a tournament riddled with upsets in the men's division—six of the eight seeded players failed to make the quarter-finals—Newcombe overpowered West Germany's Willy Bungert in the final 6–3, 6–1, 6–1 and gave every indication that it may be some time before he himself is ready to relinquish the stein to his younger countrymen.

In the women's division, Billie Jean King successfully defended her title without losing a single set, beating England's Ann Haydon Jones in the final. Not satisfied with that, Billie Jean also won the women's doubles with little Rosemary Casals and the mixed doubles with Australia's Owen Davidson, the first such sweep in 16 years. U.S. tennis prestige may be dragging, but not as far as the girls are concerned. Four Americans made it to the quarter-finals, three to the semis. Two youngsters, Kathy Harter and Mary Ann Eisel, displayed particular promise with surprise performances. Miss Harter, who is 20 and ranked only 15th in this country, upset Australia's Lesley Turner before losing to Billie Jean in the semis. Miss Eisel, a 20-year-old blonde, knocked fifth-seeded Nancy Richey out of the tournament, then came within a few strokes of making it four out of four for the U.S. in the semifinals before losing to Mrs. Jones.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM

Rising to meet a Bungert lob, Newcombe displays his agility as he puts away the overhead.

FOR NEWK, A WALTZ FOR BILLIE

In what has become a Wimbledon tradition, an Australian—John Newcombe this year—won the men's title, then celebrated with a bit of the hops. Among the women, Billie Jean King proved she is queen **by FRANK DEFORD**

Good as these two young ladies looked at Wimbledon—and both of them are good to look at—it was once again Rosie Casals, that sprightly Minnie Mouse in sneakers, who showed she is the biggest threat to Mrs. King's supremacy. Rosie reached the semifinals, too, beating three-time Wimbledon champion Maria Bueno on the way and playing all her matches to the theme *It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To*. As soon as Rosie hits the court she feels she must smash every shot, run every step, dance every dance, win every heart and steal every show. Such an all-out approach is her downfall, no matter how appealing—the British loved her—and as soon as she learns a bit of moderation, she will be really serious competition for her friend Billie Jean.

This was a special Wimbledon in many ways. The weather was excellent, the upsets unusual and the crowds the largest ever—more than 300,000. There is no telling how large the figure might have been had the accommodations permitted more. Besides, all three networks televised the action, and most nights there were reruns of the play and critiques of it in color on prime time. The day before the men's semifinals Mrs. Elsie Lee, a housewife from Cheam, England headed a queue for 19 hours, hoping for a standing-room ticket. For the finals, the line formed 26 hours in advance. Tickets were scalped for as high as £25, with scalpers operating right outside the gates as genial bobbies looked the other way.

The British were understandably effusive in support of the home players. Mrs. Jones was the first British woman to make it to the finals since 1961. Roger Taylor, a husky British left-hander, got to the semis, and for a few moments England dreamed of its first men's title since Fred Perry won in 1936. Memories of Perry and his golden years are forever being recalled during Wimbledon, yet curiously, when the man himself strolls the grounds, drawing on an

continued



His eyes gleaming with the slightly guilty, semitriumphant look of an as-yet-unapprehended burglar, Willy Bungert plays out the Wimbledon final.

unlit pipe, he goes virtually unnoticed. Most of the kids, scratching for autographs, swarm about journeymen players like Bobby Wilson. Perry just looks on, amused.

The first of this year's rash of upsets occurred in the opening round when, for the only time in the history of the tournament, the defending champion was defeated. Manuel Santana was beaten by Charlie Pasarell, thus regaining for the U.S. a measure of satisfaction after the Davis Cup team's massacre in Ecuador a week before. In fact, it seemed that in the early days of the tournament all of the American men, none of whom were seeded, were charged up and ready for revenge. Cliff Richey whipped Tony Roche of Australia, the fourth seed. Marty Riessen beat seventh-seeded Jan Leschly of Denmark. Riessen's doubles partner, Clark Graebner, knocked out Edison Mandarino, the Brazilian who helped beat the U.S. Davis Cup team *last* year.

Then, abruptly, the party ended. Richey, fatigued after his five-set match with Roche the day before, lost to a young Australian named Ray Ruffels. Riessen was beaten by another young Aussie, John Cooper, brother of former Wimbledon champion Ashley Cooper. Graebner was put out in straight sets by Newcombe and, finally, Pasarell went out to Thomas Koch of Brazil in the fourth round. Exit U.S.

Meanwhile the upsets continued. Emerson, who was trying for the Grand Slam, lost in the fourth round to Nicki Pilic of Yugoslavia. Fifth-seeded Cliff Drysdale was beaten by Roger Taylor. And Bill Bowrey of Australia, the eighth seed, lost to Bobby Wilson.

In the eye of this storm Willy Bungert moved calmly ahead, winning mainly because seeded players kept losing before he had to play them. Unlike most Wimbledon players, who stay in the elite of London hostelry, Bungert had chosen a small hotel near Putney Bridge named The Star and Garter. Likewise forsaking the tournament's lavish limousine service, he simply took the public bus every morning and stood in the crowd, unnoticed, till the gates opened. After the first couple of rounds he also took the precaution every morning of packing and checking out of his lodgings.



Winning the singles, doubles and mixed doubles, Billie Jean scored the first sweep since 1951.

A few years ago Bungert was a high-ranking, if unspectacular, world player. In 1963 and 1964, in fact, he reached the semifinals at Wimbledon. But now, at 28, he is married, expecting his first child in August and running a successful sporting goods firm in Dusseldorf. He may truly be described as an amateur. He played most of one of his early-round matches barefoot. Out of shape, he decided that his only chance to win was to run only when he had to. After he had beaten Taylor in the semifinals, the Englishman said, "At any stage of the match I'd look down and he'd just be standing there, really." Bungert made the finals tired, unseeded and without having met a seed, losing nine sets and 46% of the games he played. By his own hlithe count he committed more than 100 double faults.

The Bungert-Taylor semifinal, a five-set battle, proved to be one of the most exciting of the tournament. Taylor, the son of a Sheffield steelworker, is a distant, independent and even brooding young man, characteristics generously attributed to all Yorkshiremen. He is also so handsome—a chiseled, dark face with sideburns—that every time he loses a match he is accused of neglecting tennis for girls. As he won match after match at Wimbledon, where players are treated like film stars, Taylor's good looks for once served him well. The mystique of Wimbledon involves not just the play but the private lives of the players. The young girls in attendance far outnumber the boys. There is a certain Beatlemania—totally unknown to U.S. tennis—which is mixed heavily with the tradition and the strawberries and cream in the garden buffet. Thus, speculation of Taylor's alleged romance with his mixed-doubles partner, Frances MacLennan, held, along with Cliff Drysdale's surprise marriage, front-page space in the interim between the Rolling Stones' pot trial and the knighting of Sir Francis Chichester.

While the two improbable semifinalists, Bungert and Taylor, were moving through the upper half of the draw, John Newcombe was blasting his way through the lower. He lost one set to Stan Smith, the U.S.'s most promising young player, in the third round, and one in the semis to Nicki Pilic, an expressive, un-

derrated Yugoslav. But he won the match rather easily—it was one of those abysmally boring serve-and-volley exercises that Australians always win—to put himself in the finals and avenge his leader, Emerson.

Before the final, Bungert lost his head and asked to have his dress suit shipped from home. In the event that he beat Newcombe, he would need the suit to wear to the Saturday night ball when he gave his victory speech. Watched kettles never boil. Poor, tired Willy played miserably as the powerful Newcombe ripped him to shreds in little more than an hour.

Billie Jean had more trouble in her final than Newcombe did, but not much. She started the day saddened and subdued. The afternoon before, while watching her semifinal doubles match, her coach of many years, Frank Brennan, had collapsed with a coronary thrombosis. Billie Jean rushed to the hospital with her husband Larry, a law student at Berkeley, as soon as she left the court. But somehow she remained competitively attuned, however disheartened, and the next day beat Mrs. Jones 6–3, 6–4 with only one loss of her service. It was a predictable contest of Billie Jean's power over Ann's tenacity. Mrs. King made all the points and all the errors, for when Mrs. Jones found it impossible to penetrate early in the match, she was forced to content herself with staying in the backcourt and retrieving. Indeed, she hit only five volleys during the entire match, a number Billie Jean equaled in many games. Ann had her chances—13 points for a game break before she finally won one—but Billie Jean was too fast and too strong on the firm grass.

With this second Wimbledon title Billie Jean now envisions the greater horizon of the Grand Slam, even if that does mean extended separations from Larry. "Oh, well," she sighs, in the wonderful perspective she has always possessed and which seems to appeal particularly to the British, "Larry and I seem to accomplish our separate goals better apart. He'll probably get all A's if I try it." She must also contend with a serious intestinal inflammation which she suffered last fall, and which she believes "will force me to watch my diet for the rest of my life." The diet is very restricted and requires fattening starches, of all things, to be the monotonous staples. "Oh, and will you look at these little chubbies already," she cries, squeezing her legs.

Chubbies or not, Billie Jean looked her apple-pie best as she shared the traditional first dance that night with John Newcombe. After he had beaten Bungert and had accepted his silver trophy from the Duchess of Kent, Newcombe fought his way to the men's locker room where he was joined by Roy Emerson. There, in relative privacy, the old leader and the new champion split a beer. **END**

Besides Billie Jean, three other U.S. girls sparkled. Mary Ann Eisel (left) reached the quarters. Kathy Harter (center) and Rosie Casals the semis.









In a scene he has had to enact all too often this season Manager Hank Bauer summons relief as Starting Pitcher Tom Phoebus heads for home



THE BIRDS FALL DOWN ON BROKEN WINGS

Plagued by sore-armed pitchers, an absence of hitting and an injury to Frank Robinson, the champions are in seventh place **by JOE JARES**

Baltimore is a city rich in history. Some of the best of it happened only last fall.

Oct. 5, 1966. In the opening game of the World Series, Polish-born Moe Drabowsky pitches six and two-thirds innings in relief of Dave McNally and allows the defending champion Los Angeles Dodgers one hit and no runs. The Orioles win 5-2, and the citizens of Baltimore celebrate.

Oct. 6, 1966. Jim Palmer, not yet eligible to vote, outpitches Sandy Koufax and gives up just four hits. (Jim explains he eats pancakes on days he is scheduled to pitch, a sort of Popeye-spinach relationship). The Orioles win 6-0. Aunt Jemima sales go up 30%, and the people of Baltimore act a bit daffy.

Oct. 8, 1966. A California-reared right-hander, Wally Bunker, 21, beats the Dodgers 1-0 on a six-hitter. Baltimoreans go crazy.

Oct. 9, 1966. It is hard to believe, but McNally, 23, redeems himself *continued*

with a four-hit shutout, and the Orioles again win 1–0. End of Series. Happily each player goes home for the winter with more than $11,000 in his hip pocket. The entire population of Baltimore is declared legally insane.

It was a glorious victory, all right, the whole Series taking less time than your average Andy Warhol movie. The four straight wins topped off a season in which Baltimore won the American League championship by nine games and left the impression that one flagpole would not be sufficient to hold all the pennants to come. Third Baseman Brooks Robinson had 100 RBIs and earned his seventh straight Golden Glove award. Boog Powell hit .287 and drove in 109 runs. Drabowsky won six, lost zero—just a sample of the stingy men in Manager Hank Bauer's bullpen. Frank Robinson hit everything he swung at and became the first Triple Crown winner in 10 years.

But all this was in 1966—the Pleistocene Age. Last Sunday, just about midway through *this* season, Baltimore was in seventh place. On some days the Orioles played so poorly it seemed they would soon drop right through the bottom of the league—like coffee grounds in a wet paper sack—and land somewhere in the Arizona Instructional League. Baltimore fans have sobered up. The souvenir stands in Memorial Stadium are sold out of a book called *Birds on the Wing*—all about the spirit of '66—and may well start offering Rebecca West's novel, *Birds Fall Down*. In fact things have gotten so bad that the club's telephone operator has stopped greeting callers with her customary cheery "World Champions, Baltimore Orioles."

"I was taking too much guff from the fans," she said. "They'd say, 'What do you mean, world champions? Have you looked at the standings lately?' So I had to cut it out."

What or who has brought this embarrassing situation to pass? Well, let's begin with Pancake Palmer. For a 20-year-old, Jim had a remarkable season (15-10 plus that World Series win), although good relief pitching helped him considerably. Palmer was bothered even then by a sore right shoulder—specifically, the long head of the biceps tendon—and missed some starts in September, but when he was right he had one of the best fastballs in the league.

His shoulder continued to hamper him in spring training, but when the regular season began he was able to put in impressive appearances against the Minnesota Twins (a complete-game, four-hit victory) and New York Yankees (a one-hitter). Then he was hit hard in one inning by the Boston Red Sox and gave up four earned runs in three innings to the California Angels. Soon after, he was optioned to the Rochester Red Wings.

At Rochester, Palmer started two games and could not make it halfway through either one, giving up 12 hits and nine earned runs in just seven innings. Palmer was put on Rochester's disabled list and returned to Baltimore to rest his arm and run in the Memorial Stadium outfield. So much for pancakes.

Wally Bunker? He has had elbow problems in the past (he got back to good health last year just in time to work in the Series) and has not been as effective as a starter this season, although he is doing a good job from the bullpen. Dave McNally has had his headaches and arm aches, too. He was inconsistent in his starts and finally admitted his elbow was bothering him (there must be

continued



Out cold (center) is Frank Robinson, who suffered concussion and double vision in collision with Chicago's Al Weis, hasn't played since



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bad-arm germs loose in Maryland). He was given a literal shot in the arm three weeks ago. Last Thursday he beat the league-leading Chicago White Sox on a five-hitter.

"The last few innings I was sharp," McNally said. "At first I couldn't get my curve over, but I'll take it. The way I'm going I'll take anything. The elbow is getting better. Now I can let out. Before, I thought I was throwing hard, but I was holding back without knowing it."

Even if McNally is healthy again, the pitching staff has other problems besides Palmer's shoulder. Marcelino Lopez, obtained from the Angels, is disabled. Off-speed relief specialist Stu Miller has a 1-8 record. And if it is not sore limbs or plain ineffectiveness, it is something else unpleasant, *i.e.* Knuckleballer Eddie Fisher is being sued for an alleged early-morning altercation with a house detective at a Chicago hotel.

The Orioles finally gave up on one pitcher, Steve Barber, who for several years was regarded as the ace of the staff. Barber, a native of Maryland, had long thought, and said, that Baltimore was no place to make big money. As the team's player representative, he was the leader in hatching a little plan in Florida to charge fees for radio and TV interviews. It lasted less than one day. Barber had tendonitis in his left elbow—that bug again—and missed the World Series, but there were times early this season when he looked like the man who had won 18 games in 1961 and 20 in 1963. He pitched a one-hit game early this season and later combined with Stu Miller on an unusual losing no-hitter, but he also was wild and inconsistent. He went AWOL after a bad start against Washington and was fined. After a loss to Cleveland he got his wish and was traded to New York, where the dollar bills supposedly grow thicker and higher. In return Baltimore got the equivalent of two pairs of sweat socks and a used fungo bat. At 28, Barber has plenty of potential left, but the Orioles obviously just wanted to get rid of him.

"We had twelve pitchers and wanted to get down to eleven," explained Vice-President Harry Dalton. "Steve should be a starter, and Hank had a rotation of five set up without him. He hadn't been effective."

It is common for a player to punish his old club after a trade. There is a certain joy in beating your old teammates, something akin to having Miss America on your arm when you happen to meet the ex-girl friend who jilted you. Twice this season Baltimore has been the ex-girl friend. Woodie Held, less than so-so with the Orioles, was traded to the Angels and immediately hit two home runs to beat the Orioles in a double-header. Mike Epstein, the former Cal fullback who refused to be farmed out and was traded to Washington, hit a grand-slam homer in his first at bat against the Birds.

Last Saturday night could have been Barber's turn. His first appearance as a Yankee was in Memorial Stadium. Vengeance was not his that night, however. He made two wild pitches and was knocked out in the fourth inning. Perhaps it was an indication that the Orioles' luck had changed, and they certainly needed a break or two. Besides the sore arms and hostile ex-teammates, they lost 19 of 29 one-run games up to the All-Star break and were not hitting up to past form.

"Our pitching has been better than most people give it credit for," says Harry Dalton. "It's our hitting that's been letting us down lately. Boog Powell's been down. At this time last season he was the hottest hitter in the league—.300, 19 homers, 67 RBIs. He's hitting .251 right now and has eight homers and 38 RBIs."

Another hitting disappointment has been Brooks Robinson, the B. Robby half of the act that led Baltimore to the championship last year. No one really expected Brooks to match last year's robust figures—100 RBIs, for instance—but at the All-Star break this year, he had an anemic 32.

As for F. Robby, he was still hitting everything in sight and appeared to be on his way to a second straight Triple Crown, something no one has ever done. Then on June 27 he barreled into second base to break up a double play and bashed his head into the left knee of White Sox Second Baseman Al Weis. Weis was put out for the season with a torn cartilage, and F. Robby was knocked unconscious. When he came to, it was found he had suffered a brain concussion. Worse, he had double vision in his right eye. The images were not side by side like television ghosts, but one on top of the other, so that Boog Powell,

continued

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say, had another Boog Powell floating over him like a guardian angel whenever Frank looked at him. F. Robby is still waiting for the angel to leave.

He tried a bit of batting practice last week as Coach Bill Hunter used an easy-does-it, beanbag-toss delivery. In order to avoid seeing things in duplicate Robinson had to tuck his chin into his chest and cock his head at a peculiar angle. He took careful half-swings, just trying to meet the ball. He stepped into the cage for a second session, but left when the regular batting-practice pitcher, George Thomas, took the mound. "I can't hit George with two eyes," he said good-naturedly.

Since the Orioles have not fallen out of the bottom of the league, something must be going right, something must be giving hope. Yes, there are some cheering aspects. Paul Blair, who shared center field last season, has sole ownership now and is second only to Frank Robinson in club batting. In one game against the Yankees last week he got two hits and a walk, knocked in two runs, stole two bases, went from first to third on a ground-ball single to left and zipped from second to home on another ground single to left.

"I know I'm going to hit three hundred," he says.

Moe Drabowsky is the only one of the four World Series pitching stars who has had no troubles in 1967. His record is 6–0, meaning he has not lost a game in two seasons, and he has allowed only nine runs in more than 56 innings. Starters Tom Phoebus and Pete Richert have been doing pretty well, and a 19-year-old bonus baby named Mike Adamson, in his first professional start last week, held the White Sox to three hits in six innings.

"I'm quite optimistic," says Dalton. "We haven't had one good stretch yet. We've had some problems with our pitching, our hitting and our fielding, but gradually we can see these things straightening out. We're in a position where one good hot streak, say 15 out of 20 games, would put us back into it."

"And we are the type of team that can put together a hot streak," adds Hank Bauer. "We've done it before. We expect to do it again."

If by any chance it does happen, no one will be any happier than the Orioles' telephone operator. **END**

Dr. Roberts and his family live on an old New England farm... Rocky Run. The barn, as well as the house, was built in 1780.



RICHARD M. ROBERTS, DVM, *34, President, Roberts Animal Hospital, Inc., Hanover, Mass.*

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BY TEX MAULE

FLEMING WITH A FLAIR

Belgian Steeplechaser Gaston Roelants makes his living by going to parties. He drives madly, hates to go to bed and still is the world's best in an exacting sport

Gaston Roelants, a onetime police lieutenant who is now a public-relations man for Belgium's largest wine and liquor dealer, is a small, neat man with a carefully trimmed mustache. He has bright blue eyes, dark auburn hair trimmed in an English crew cut and almost foxlike ears. His hands and feet are large, his legs exceptionally long, and he possesses what is almost certainly the best cardiovascular system in his small country. He was, he thinks, born to go fast. He grew the mustache to nourish a considerable vanity and he developed the cardiovascular system by running through the lovely beech and oak forest of Zoete Waters, a hamlet on the outskirts of Louvain, where he lives.

Roelants is the world-record holder and the Olympic champion in the 3,000-meter steeplechase, that strange race in which the runner must clear four hurdles and a water jump on each of seven laps, and which may well be the most punishing single event in track and field competition. He is Flemish and, like most Flemings, he is industrious and disciplined. But even more than most Flemings—or any other people, except for the dedicated fraternity to which he belongs, that of the distance runner—he has an astounding capacity for long, painful hours of work.

Although he is 30 years old, Roelants feels that he is only now reaching his peak and that he will be able to run well for another five or six years. "I think it each year," he said not long ago, sitting in his office in Brussels. "The running I have done, it makes easier then the running I am to do. Each year it is that I am stronger, you see."

He broke off to answer his phone, then discussed the call in quick Flemish with Paul Hennekens, who is the *Directeur Sportif* of Etablissements Fourcroy, his employer. Roelants sits across a wide desk from Hennekens in a spacious office, and his principal function as the public-relations man for the concern is to attend banquets and cocktail parties for visiting sports celebrities. This call was a request for his presence at a club cocktail party, and he and Hennekens decided that he should go.

"I am sorry," he said when the interruption was over, "but I have to work, too, isn't it? Anyway, all this training is what you must pay for what you get. Me, I started late. I was 17, but here in Belgium we start running when we are 12. My father is a farmer near Leuven [the Flemish name for Louvain] and he did not like for me the life of the sportsman. I was first interested in the bicycling, but he *continued*









Roelants trains twice a day: in the early mornings through a sun-dappled forest, in the afternoons with teammates on his club track.

say no, Gaston, you cannot do that. So I started running, but I could not let my father and mother know."

At this moment Hennekens flipped a letter across to Roelants, which he scanned quickly. It was another request for an appearance and he nodded.

"Later, when I began to make good results," he said, "then my parents like it very much and my father was very strict with me. He say, 'Gaston, if you wish to do something very well, you work very hard and sacrifice.' He was shake finger at me when he say this."

Mimicking his father, Roelants painted a vivid picture of a stern Belgian farmer admonishing a small son.

"So, I was not go out," he went on. "Is that how you say it? I was stay in the house at nights and no go out with the girls until I am 21 years old. All I do is work and go to school and run, but now it is worth it."

It was after noon by now and Roelants stood up.

"Now we go to Leuven to eat," he said. "But first I show you the business."

He conducted a quick tour of the vast Fourcroy warehouse, piled to the ceiling with the wines and liquors the firm imports. All of the workmen knew him and he stopped to chat with some of them.

He drives a small Ford Taunus as if it were a Grand Prix car, and the 15-mile trip to Louvain was a harrowing one. The highways are three-lane, so that driving is a continuous game of chicken in the middle lane. It is a game Roelants plays with obvious enjoyment and one his unnerved passengers wish he would drop.

Along the way Roelants honked and waved at half the people he saw, and all of them smiled and waved back. He is easily one of the best-known men in Belgium, a country that cherishes what few sports heroes it has had. Despite the constantly recurring threat of head-on collision and the rather whimsical signaling of other drivers on the narrow road, Roelants was relaxed and talkative and prone to fix his passenger with his eye as he talked.

"I was good runner from the beginning," he said. Modesty is not one of his virtues. "Always good at distance because I am not fast. My best time for 400 meters is maybe 55 seconds. I have win club championships before and even in first club race I ever run. My first

continued




GANTIA

year in junior cross-country in 1955 I am finish fifth. Then third in 1956." In 1958, running in the senior championships for the first time, he finished 11th, but he had been handicapped by a sore throat. He won in 1959, and has not been beaten in the race since.

Roelants did not begin running the steeplechase until 1957. "I have friend who runs steeplechase," he said. "He run only 10 minutes. I laugh and say I can run faster than that and I have never done before. So my first race I run in 9:57 and beat him and am first. Then I run 9:37, then 9:26, and by end of year I make a good result of 9:16. In 1958, in Copenhagen, I make a Belgian record of 8:56.8. Since then I have break that record, I don't know, maybe 15 time."

He had arrived in Louvain by now, and he parked his car on the narrow street where he has a sports shop named, for obvious reasons, the Olympia. He put a small press card for a new Belgian magazine called *Sport 67* against the windshield (an accomplished photographer, Roelants occasionally writes articles or takes pictures for the magazine) and said, "It is not that the police see 'Press' and not worry about where I am park. It is that they will see the card and say, 'Oh, it is Gaston, so that is all right.'"

An English photographer, a trifle pale from having driven another car close behind Roelants all the way from Brussels, joined him, and Roelants smiled at him. "This is slowest I have ever drive," he said, shaking his head.

For lunch he ordered chicken, a salad and french-fried potatoes. "Mostly I eat steak and—how you say?—vegetable? Green vegetable," he said. "Only on Monday do I allow myself the chicken and potato and then no bread."

He had one glass of Das Bier with his lunch. Although he is not against drinking and occasionally takes stronger liquor, he has only wine and beer, and those sparingly, when he is working hard.

"My English, I am afraid that it is not very good," he said as he ate, "but I am have to learn it all for myself. It is lucky that for Flemish boy language is easy to learn. German is very much like Flemish, and I speak French, too. When I am in Tokyo for two weeks I can speak some Japanese. Now I am studying Spanish, so I think by time I am in Mexico City a week I will speak that, too. The times when I go to Sweden, in two weeks I speak Swedish. I think so that if you are good sportsman, with discipline, then all things are easy. I play football, I play very good. The basketball, tennis, all easy for the sportsman."

At present his favorite sport, other than track, is bowling. Two or three times a week he will spend an hour or two at an alley in downtown Brussels, but his game has fallen on hard times.

"Four years ago I make 200 average," he said. He held up his right hand and showed that the middle two fingers and the thumb were a bit stiff and bent. "I have my automobile accident and break these finger and since then I am not able to hold ball as well. I bowl now 160. But it is get better, so maybe I be back to 200 before long."

Roelants talked about the accident only out of a sense of politeness. Undoubtedly it came when he lost a game of chicken.

"I am this far from the center line," he said, holding his hands two feet apart. "We hit head on, but I do not remember much after that. My arm is in—what you call?—plaster. From my hand to here." He pointed to a spot halfway between his elbow and his shoulder.

He was out of competition for nearly 10 weeks after the accident, although he did run once in a 5,000-meter race with his right arm in the cast. He won. "It was painful," he said. "After a few laps the arm is very heavy."

He had finished his lunch now and, after bidding farewell to each of the waiters, led the way down the narrow, crowded street to his shop. By American standards it is tiny, two small rooms crowded with sports clothes and equipment. His wife, a very pretty plump Flemish girl named Monique, was busy selling a pair of Puma track shoes to a teen-ager, who regarded Roelants with some awe. Roelants himself runs in Puma shoes. In one corner of the room, piled high atop a showcase, were his trophies, silver cups polished to a bright luster by Monique.

Roelants went through the shop into the back, where he and Monique have their living quarters. He walked through a long, narrow, immaculate kitchen into a small dining room crowded with a heavy, carved wooden dining set. On the walls were black-and-white photographic prints of dramatic forest scenes and odd-looking treetrunks, all pictures taken by Roelants himself.

He switched on an elaborate hi-fi set and looked expectantly at his guests as a singer plowed through a popular song in English. Roelants asked, surprised, "You do not know him? He is the No. 1. He is Engelbert Humperdinck!" He seemed disappointed to find anyone could be so square.

After Humperdinck had finished, Roelants went up the narrow, winding stairs to dress for his afternoon workout. When he returned, he was wearing a bright-red satin sweat suit, although in meets he generally wears blue.

His afternoon workout began at 5 at the track owned by his club, the Daring Track Club of Leuven. On the way there one of his passengers called the city Louvain and Roelants frowned.

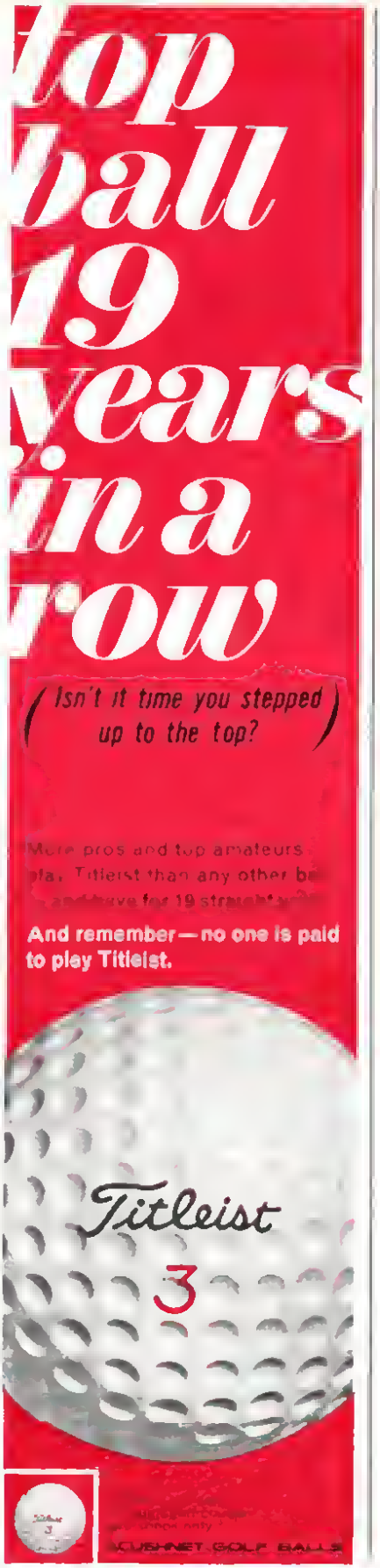
"Not Louvain anymore," he said. "It is Flemish. Leuven." While Roelants competes as a Belgian and considers himself one, he is proud of the Flemings, who are often at odds with the French segment of the Belgian population. With a 21,000-student university, Louvain is one of the centers of Flemish nationalism and, naturally, student protest.

The little stadium is handsome, with small modern stands on one side and a tiny brook meandering through tall trees behind it. A dusty red, the track looks very much like the one at Modesto, where this May Roelants ran—but lost—his first race in America. It was on the Daring track that Roelants set a rather In record for track nuts: he ran 12 miles 1,478 yards in one hour for a world mark

"It was necessary," said Roelants, who had been named Belgium's Sportsman of the Year four times before and was anxious to gain the honor again. He was sitting on the edge of the track, changing into spikes. "In Budapest in September I am very bad in European championships, although it is fault of the Belgian federation, not of me. I am not allowed to go outside of Belgium for meets and I do not get enough competition. So, in Budapest I *continued*

Photographs by Gerry Cranham

Businessman Roelants displays a trophy in his sport-goods store and eyes a bottle at the liquor-distributing firm where he works.



come third. For maybe 2,500 meters I run very strong, but at the end I am like lead. I am numb. I feel nothing, and so I am passed by two men and the Russian wins. I am ahead of my world-record time most of the way, but I do not have anything left. When it is over, I do not make excuse It does not do any good to do that. This is first time I have tell why I do so bad in Budapest."

To compensate for the Budapest debacle, Roelants arranged the one-hour run. "It is a good record to hold," he said. "And no one else has been the Sportsman even as much as three times." Roelants won the award for the fifth time.

He stood up, taking off his sweat suit, and began to warm up with Andre de Hertoghe, a tiny Belgian miler who, next to Roelants, is probably Belgium's best track man. They ran on the grass in the infield for a while, then moved onto the track.

Roelants, with his long legs, deep chest and erect carriage, looks a good deal like the American miler Jim Beatty. The resemblanee to Beatty is even more striking when Roelants is running. He has an extraordinarily long, reaching stride and he runs with his chest out and his arms relaxed. His movement is light and graceful, his touch on the track feathery. He and De Hertoghe ran a couple of miles warming up, and when Roelants stopped he was perspiring freely. The pace had been fast.

While he rested he began arguing with some of the other Daring runners in impassioned Flemish, waving his arms. At one point he stopped and said, "We are talk about how to warm up. Here in Belgium they know nothing Always warm up very slow. You must go fast when you warm up That is how you make good results. When I am first running, I learn this. I did not have coach, so when I go to international meets I say nothing, watch and listen, hear what the good runners say. So I know how to warm up. Those, they do not know. They do it wrong. You warm up slow, you run slow."

His present coach, Edmond Van Den Eynde, a teacher at the Catholic University of Louvain, arrived at the track, spoke briefly to Roelants, then rushed off again explaining that he had to attend a meeting at the university. He is a thick-set, ebullient man, with bushy, iron-gray hair and an outgoing personality, but he has had little to do with the self-trained Roelants' success.

"I have had him since 1960," Roelants said after Van Den Eynde left. "He helps me most with the chrono. You know the chrono?" He pointed to his wristwatch. "What do you call it? Watch? Yes. He helps me with times. But I know times in my head anyway. Always when I am running I know the times. I can watch another runner over 400 meters and tell the time, often exactly. It is because I have run so much. But Van Den Eynde, he help me with hurdles. I am very good on the hurdles. I have very good technique."

He and a companion lugged a heavy steeplechase hurdle onto the track, and he demonstrated his very good technique a few times, taking the hurdle with the low, flat jump of a low hurdler, ticking the top of it with his trailing foot now and then.

"I do not try to count steps between hurdles," he said. "It is too far. It is all done by the eye. The water jump, you step on top of hurdle but do not try to jump all the way over the water, because it is too much effort. I land in the water maybe a foot away from the end. Shoe does not have time to get wet because it is in and out, toek-toek, like that. You understand?"

Now Roelants got ready for the real work of the afternoon: 10 hard 400-meter dashes with only seconds between them. (He had already run 15 kilometers through the woods that morning.) When he had finished, it was only moments before his breathing was back to normal.

"I am recuperate very fast," he said during the drive back to his shop. "It is big shock to doetors one time who are having a medical panel in Brussels with me and some other sportsmen. When I am in good training my pulse it is 44, 45, but I am nervous at this panel, so when they take, is 56. So then I do five-minute step test, step up, step down. Pulse is 155 when I finish, but is not even a minute when they take again. Is only 36.

"Doetors do not believe, but I am recuperate very fast, very fast. When I set world record for steeplechase in August 1965 I run the record, 8:26.4, on Saturday. Then next day, on Sunday, I win the 10 000 meters in 28·24. When I pass the 5,000 meters in 14.20, I am smiling and I feel good, so I run the next 5,000 meters in 14·04 and I am not tired."

He stopped where the photographer had left his car and smiled.

"So. Tomorrow in the forest?" he said. "What time? I run at 8 in the morning. Is too early? I can run at 9 for you."

He arrived the next morning a few minutes after 8, having awakened only 20 minutes before, bright-eyed and ready to run. On the short ride to the Zoete Waters forest he drove with his customary élan, whipping the little Taunus in and out of traffic. The back is plastered over with advertising for his various jobs —an Italian vermouth peddled by Fourcroy, a sticker for *Sports 67*, Puma ads and it is well known to the inhabitants of Louvain.

He turned off a paved road onto a narrow direct track into the forest. The lane was lined with tall beech trees, their boles a soft green from moss. An occasional white birch lightened the gloom, and the early sun cut through the woods to dapple the road again.

"Once I used to run all the time, rain, cold, all the time," Roelants said. "But it was when I am young and have the ambition to break records, make good results. Now when it is rain too hard or it is too cold, I wake up and say, 'Today I take off.'" He laughed and shrugged. "I have the hard training already. I have accomplish many things now, so maybe I am not so anxious. But I am still anxious enough, I think. I hope to make my last run a marathon."

His route through the woods covers 1,700 meters a lap, sometimes along the dirt roads, sometimes following a narrow path that was once used for motorcycle races. At places it dips into deep culverts, then climbs steeply out of them. On this morning Roelants ran effortlessly at what seemed a very brisk pace.

Later, in the small dining room behind the shop in Louvain, he discussed his plans for the future. "Maybe I will run in the Europe-North America meet in Montreal," he said. "We hope so. But anything can happen. I can get hurt. I have been hurt before."

One time Roelants was hurt was before the Olympic 3,000-meter steeplechase in Tokyo in 1964. "I hurt my leg," he said, shaking his head at the memory. "For six weeks I could not run. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Only the 14 days in Tokyo, I was able to train and I train very hard. Then the day of the final, in the morning when I was warm up, I hurt the back of my leg here." He put his hand on the hamstring muscle of his right leg. "It is swell up very big. So the doctor is saying, 'Gaston, you cannot run. It is impossible.' For three hours I was in a bed with cold compress on the leg and the doctor say I cannot run. But then I got up and ran and I won. Every time I jump the hurdle, I hit the back of my leg and it makes me jump higher."

He was quiet a moment, thinking. Then he laughed and looked up. "Maybe in Mexico City I run three," he said. "If it is arranged so I can, maybe I run the steeplechase, the 10,000 meters and the marathon. I have never run the marathon, *but I am recuperate so fast*, and the altitude in Mexico City does not bother me. I have run the 10,000 meters there and won, and the second man was 32 seconds behind me, and it took me only three days to adjust to the altitude. So it is not so hard."

"And *I* can run maybe easy in some races. I have the experience now, so that when I run with the good competition I do not pay attention to them. I run to the timetable in my head. I learn to pay no attention to the others. In the Olympics in Rome, when I am new, the Russians sent out a man very fast, just to kill off the competition, but I did not know that. I think I cannot let him get so far ahead so I stay with."

He clapped himself on the forehead at the memory of his stupidity.

"I come fourth," he said. "It is not so bad for my first Olympics, but maybe I could have come second or third. Not first. Not then. Then the Russians were too good. But now it is I who am good."

He got up and stretched and glanced at his watch.

"I must leave so that I can be at Fourcroy by noon," he said. "To see what I must do today, you know? Then I must train hard, too, because I would like to make good records in America and it is early in the season for me."

Someone suggested that he would go to bed early that night after so strenuous a day, but he laughed and shook his head.

"No," he said. "I am too busy. Someone is always call me, *I go see them, they come see me.* I do not like to go to bed early. Always I am up until 12, one o'clock. There is too much to do, I do not have five minutes to spare. I like it. When you are asleep you are dead, isn't it?" END





Like a creature from an Al Capp comic strip, the hula-skirted musk ox has survived threatened extinction to become a utopian animal for the hard-pressed people of the North ***by DOLLY CONNELLY***

THE GOLDEN SHMOO OF THE

Last May, from the unlikely interior of the calving barns at the University of Alaska, there emerged seven bright-eyed, roly-poly hanks of hair that may someday be considered among the world's most important animals. They were the first results of a selective-breeding program designed to help the musk ox do for the north country what the Longhorn steer did for the American West a century before.

Not that anyone who has known and loved a musk ox—and the two conditions apparently are inseparable—would listen for a moment to comparison of his beast with the scrawny, ornery Longhorn. A musk ox smells good, tastes good, gives milk and loves to play games. But, most important of all, beneath the long, coarse, drab-brown hair that descends like chain mail from the pale saddle across their backs almost to their spatulate feet musk oxen carry an underwool finer than any other wool substance known in nature. And since they are capable of ingesting Arctic vegetation that any self-respecting reindeer or caribou would sniff at, the prairies stretching around the northern zones of the earth could support huge herds of them without ruffling the ecological balance of that rough yet fragile land.

In recent geological times, musk oxen ranged south at least to Kentucky on the North American continent and throughout Europe. While it is generally accepted that their pasturage shrank as they followed the retreat of ice northward during the last Ice Age, Vilhjalmur Stefansson blames their sharp decline in numbers on man and his thoughtless extermination of the herds. "Bows, arrows and spears were invented 20,000, 30,000 or 40,000 years ago," wrote Stefansson. "Ever since those days nearly every band of musk ox has in effect committed suicide by not fleeing but standing up against man to fight."

To passionate protectors of the earth's rare animals, these are among the most tragic words in Stefansson's long chronicles of life in the Arctic. When attacked, musk oxen form a rough circle of defense in the manner of a western wagon



BARREN LANDS

train threatened by Indians. Larger animals take up positions shoulder to shoulder on the perimeter, massive horned heads lowered to confront the enemy, with calves and yearlings buried within the protective ring. An individual animal will make a short, threatening sortie out of the circle and then promptly wriggle back into position, but rarely do the animals attack en masse, and they will run only if thoroughly alarmed. This circling strategy is a splendid defense against wolves, but a setup for slaughter by man.

There is no sport in the killing of musk oxen, but in past years many "fearless" hunters returned to civilization with horrendous tales of attacks by "the world's most dangerous game animal." The musk ox, misnamed, misunderstood, maligned in a hundred fictitious stories delivered from the lectern, had no friends except a few who marveled at its magnificent adaptation to the Arctic prairies.

Musk ox range reached its low point in the last century. Whalers—Russian, Norwegian and American—wintering over in Arctic seas indulged in wanton slaughter, as much to relieve boredom as to obtain food, for they killed whole bands far in excess of need. As recently as the decade 1860 to 1870 the last native band of musk oxen in Alaska was exterminated in the vicinity of Point Hope. Canada's Banks Island is strewn as thickly with the bones of animals killed in the late 19th century as a Dakota prairie in the years of the buffalo slaughter.

I first saw a band of musk oxen move in flowing, fast gait, astonishingly graceful despite their short legs, through coarse, frozen tundra grass on a fog-shrouded island of the Bering Sea. Suddenly in dim winter twilight, like a forgotten vista of the Ice Age, they wheeled in clouds of self-generated steam and turned to study me. Years later I watched a young man named Terry Hall, herd manager of the musk ox breeding station at the University of Alaska, playfully haul a large bull across a snowy pasture on a sledge. Intensely curious, musk oxen will leap aboard any moving object—which led one of us to question just who was domesticating whom. This delightful incident was as incongruous as sighting a diplodocus at play in the backyard.

Like many other admirers of the musk ox, I have traced its dwindling natural range on the globe many times—the Arctic islands of extreme northern Canada, Peary Land to Scoresby Sound on the eastern coast of Greenland and the Canadian mainland at the game sanctuary created for it on the Thelon River west of Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay. In 1930 this natural range was extended when the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service captured wild musk ox calves and yearlings in Greenland and transplanted them first to Fairbanks and then to Nunivak Island off the coast of Alaska. Similar resettlements were made in Spitsbergen and in Norway. These little bands flourished, mostly because the habitats are free of wolves, their No. 1 enemy next to man, and the animals are now protected by international laws against slaughter and capture. The Nunivak herd—my own introduction to musk oxen—rapidly increased in 30 years from 33 animals to the current estimated population of 680.

In 1954, into this poignant picture of musk oxen surviving in remote huddles on the Arctic prairies there stepped the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research, a group of Arctic ecologists devoted to the domestication of both animals and plants for use in the northern

continued

economy. Concentration was on the musk ox in the belief that this great, shaggy, yoke-horned beast is best equipped to lead the northward march of civilization.

The name musk oxen is absurd, for they are not oxen nor do they have musk glands. Having hurled my face deep in the foot-thick shoulder wool of a damp musk ox and sniffed and sniffed, I can report that they smell only wet and woolly, and faintly—but not offensively—of manure. Even the scientific name, *Ovibos moschatus* (musky sheep-cow), is a misnomer, as the musk ox probably is an ancient ruminant that started off independently somewhere between the antelope and goat species. The Eskimos call it *oomingmak* (the bearded one) and know his wonderful underwool as *qiviut*.

Modern appreciation, dating from Stefansson's enthusiasm for the animal, is a complicated story now reaching marvelous culmination, the creation of a new economy for natives of the Canadian and Alaskan Arctic. The first inkling that this Ice Age mammal still existed on the northern tundra came three centuries ago when Arctic adventurers were astonished to see small clouds of gossamer blowing on the summer winds, a substance so light and silky that often it caught in shining sheets on dwarfed willow clumps growing in upper layers of soil over the permafrost. It was totally out of character with the environment, so much so that discoverers sought out the source of supply. They were astonished to learn that the wool substance was shed in sheets by a large, long-haired animal whose head was enclosed with heavy horns. Subsequently the literature of the time carried references to the strange "monster" that carried under its thick guard hairs an incredibly light wool drawn in long, silken strands.

It bore kinship to the extinct giant musk ox whose massive bones turn up now and again in the gold-dredging pools of Alaska and along the undercut banks of Arctic rivers. Bulls can weigh as much as half a ton and bear some superficial resemblance to the American bison.

The effort to domesticate the musk ox began in 1954 with the capture of three calves from the Thelon River Game Sanctuary in Canada's Northwest Territories under the auspices of the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research. The leader of this project was John J. Teal Jr., an anthropologist who heads up the institute and its cherished Project Musk Ox. The three babies were taken with tender care to Teal's own farm at Huntington Center, Vermont. They were gentled within a week, demonstrating an eagerness to establish good relations with their captors and to master the routine of American farm life.

The oxen did, however, distrust dogs. "Just after the oxen arrived our dogs came up to the fence," Teal says. "The musk oxen, whose natural enemy is the wolf, either saw through to the origin of that selective breeding or mistook the dogs for wolves. With great snorts the oxen dashed for me, stamping their feet on the ground, and formed a defense with me in the center. I knew then that I had been accepted."

Affectionate, playful, intelligent, these supposedly fearsome animals turned out to be sweetie pies of the animal kingdom. They opened gates, picked locks and pockets, played king of the mountain, playfully butted heads, leaned on visitors to induce blissful scratchings, went swimming in the farm pond with members of the Teal family and learned to answer to their names. Writes John Teal in the monthly bulletin of the institute: "Angnanguak, always known as Girlie, the first calf captured in the Northwest Territories, is about to enter her 14th year as the pioneer domestic musk ox at the Institute's farm in Vermont. Always affectionate and fond of petting, she has allowed herself to be milked in the open pastures. Her calf of 1962, Little Girl, is a giant female of splendid proportions, but has not yet been bred for lack of a proper bull. Meanwhile Little Girl is much enamored of a horse with which she grazes, standing flank to flank by the hour and exchanging friendly nips."

In 1964 the institute began establishment of the Alaska breeding station with captures from the wild herd on Nunivak Island. Financing is by grant from the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, with land provided by the University of Alaska. Capturing proved a frustrating procedure, as the slightest approach to the animals produced an immediate circle of threatening horns, the young safely enclosed within the group. They defeated every trick tried on them, from corralling to forcing them into the sea. It was finally discovered that musk oxen are terrified of the downdraft of helicopters. A hovering aircraft scattered the circled animals in all directions. After that the roping was greatly simplified, and soon 31 young animals in their fetching hula skirts of hair—most of them juvenile females—were ruminating in the enclosures.

The great value to the northern economy lies in the qiviut, the golden fleece of the Arctic, which is shed annually at one swoop. Shearing is about as difficult as peeling off a sweater. Breaking away



FRIGHTENING IN APPEARANCE, A BULL MUSK OX CAN BE AS GENTLE AS ANY LAMB

from the skin, qiviut works through the guard hairs. As it grows heavy and hot in warm weather, animals practically ask to be peeled, sidling up for a good scratching. Each animal drops about six pounds of qiviut, compared to three ounces of pashm from the Cashmere goat. The fiber is similar to pashm but about twice as long and half as thick, and thus far silkier. It can be prepared with the same machinery used for cashmere. Four to eight ounces make a sweater. One pound of the precious stuff, worth at least $50, spun into 40-strand thread, makes a ball of thread 25 miles long. A knitter can keep busy for a long time with a quarter of a pound of qiviut yarn. Very strong, it will not shrink when scrubbed or even boiled, and it will take dye without loss of softness or of warmth. Garments woven or knitted of qiviut are so light that the wearer scarcely feels them, yet warming enough to keep the wearer cozy in temperatures well below zero. After all, qiviut keeps musk oxen contentedly chewing cuds at 60° below zero.

Some of the fiber goes into research, but most is being stockpiled toward a goal of 1,000 pounds—an adequate quantity for the first commercial use. At that time one of the many textile firms specializing in rare materials will be selected for processing and manufacture of garments.

The Institute of Northern Agricultural Research has now come through the first two of its major phases with musk oxen: maintenance of the pilot-study herd in Vermont, used for research in physiology, taxonomy, diseases, genetics, behavior and response to management, and the establishment of breeding stations where "seed" stock will be produced and management and other studies further pursued. The experimentation ultimately will be followed by the distribution of domesticated breeding stock to qualified individuals and organizations. Eskimo councils from northern Quebec to the coastal villages of Alaska, learning of Project Musk Ox apparently through "mukluk telegraph," have already requested breeding stock. This summer the institute hopes to establish its second breeding station in collaboration with the province of Quebec, using animals captured on Ellesmere Island, probably the richest remaining musk ox territory in proportion to area. The station would be near Fort Chimo on Ungava Bay in response to urgent petitions from Eskimo village councils of the region.

In nature, musk ox bands number from five to 100 or more animals. A nucleus herd in a northern village probably will number two or three bulls and six cows to the bull. But only when the breeding herds have been augmented by natural increase and further captures of calves—enough to spare the cadre for new domesticated herds—will the musk ox take its giant step out of the Ice Age and into the 20th century economy.

Along with domestication of the animals, this fall the institute will begin the training of promising young Eskimos as herdsmen. Mrs. Lillian Schell, a graduate student at the University of Alaska, working for a Master of Fine Arts degree, is preparing herself to teach the subtleties of qiviut garment hand-manufacture to native women. An honor graduate of the New England School of Textiles, Mrs. Schell will be a key instructor in the new native industry. Points out John Teal: "The quest for qiviut may be the means by which man will open up the North for permanent settlement and will achieve that greater wisdom, the happy adjustment of economy and environment."

Careful preparation of the native settlements to receive the musk oxen is an integral part of the plan. Some earlier attempts to teach Eskimos to herd reindeer came a cropper when the Fish and Wildlife Service failed to take into account the hunter instinct of the Eskimo. As quickly as hopeful Fish and Wildlife men winged off into the blue, the Eskimos did what comes naturally. They ate the reindeer on the grounds that a sure reindeer in the belly is to be preferred to a possible calf in the spring. This will not happen with musk oxen, no matter how delicious their flesh may be.

In captivity, the calves will be weaned in three months, so that cows may be bred again in August, producing calves annually instead of every second year as they ordinarily do. Without straining the imagination, it is possible to foresee the Arctic prairie again populated with herds of musk oxen as it once must have been—not food for prehistoric man, but bearers now of a golden opportunity for a hard-pressed people. END



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SPORTING LOOK

PAPER CAPERS

Tradition aside—as Gussie Moran once said—why pay $2 to dry-clean a tennis dress when you can buy one for $3, wear it through several hard sessions of play and then throw it away like a Kleenex? As a matter of fact, the tennis clothes on the opposite page *are* 93% Kleenex and, along with the bathing suits, beach dresses and blue jeans on the following pages, are part and parcel of a paper body-packaging explosion. Babies are diapered and surgeons are gowned in paper. Motels have wear-them-once swim trunks and bathrobes for their guests, and shops in discothèques sell star-for-a-night disco dresses, bright enough for psychedelia, tough enough for an evening of rock 'n' roll. There are coated-paper raincoats, good for 10 drenchings, and underwear of knitted paper meant for one wearing. There are T shirts and sweat shirts and soon there will be football jerseys—no tearaway problems there. Paper manufacturers, who sold more than one million yards for apparel this year, have revved up production of such innovations as knitted, mesh and stretch papers. Many have nylon or rayon fibers added for strength. All paper fashions are coated for fireproofing, and none will burn up your bankroll—the most expensive of the clothes on these pages sell for $12.

Jil Fromer and Erin Gray wear paper tennis outfits that won't melt in a hot set and are strategically scissored, side and back, for comfort in Laguna sunshine.







Paper-banner bathing suits durable enough far a dunking in the surf are worn by Kathy Fuller and Erin Gray (top left) at Laguna Beach, Calif. Carrall Raebke (left) keeps coal in a jump suit of mesh-knit paper, worn aver a body stocking. The play dresses and ramper Carrall, Jil and Erin are wearing at right are as crisp and calarful as bunting, as expendable as paper kites.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G ZIMMERMAN





Jil's shining paper jeans have same stitching and buttons as denim originals but fasten with Velcro tape. The white dress she wears on the dune at right is bordered with orange ribbon and pompons.



WHERE TO BUY

The tennis clothes worn by Jil Fromer and Erin Gray facing page 48 are by James Sterling. They are both made of Kimberly-Stevens Kaycel, which is 93% Kleenex and 7% nylon. Jil's dress is $3, Erin's shorts outfit $4 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Sakowitz, Houston. On the next two color pages Kathy Fuller wears a polyethylene-coated star-spangled swimsuit of Scott paper with elasticized top and drawstring trunks. It is $4 and available by mail from The Expendables, P.O. Box 48421, Los Angeles. Erin's two-piece striped swimsuit is also poly-coated for water resistance. It is by Tiger Morse and costs $7 at Cheetah Boutique, New York and Los Angeles; Fig Leaf, Chicago. Carroll Roebke wears Elisa Daggs's yellow jump suit that fastens in front with Velcro. It is made of knitted shredded pulp and nylon and costs $8 at B. Altman, New York. For kite-flying, Carroll wears a striped slipover paper dress, and Erin a romper suit with elasticized bloomer legs. Both outfits are by Tiger Morse and are $10 each at the Tiger Morse shops listed above. Jil's dress (*center*) by Vi Dodge for Miss Paper is made of poly-coated Scott Dura-Weve and has rows of red and blue fringe. It is $6 at IN Dispensable Disposables, New York; The Paper Caper, Chicago; J.W. Robinson, Beverly Hills. Jil's jeans and western jacket, coated with shiny Mylar, are by James Sterling and cost $9 at Lord & Taylor, New York. The white poly-coated paper play dress on this page is by Miss Paper and is $12 at Lord & Taylor, New York, The Paper Caper, Chicago; J.W. Robinson, Beverly Hills.

Nature is imitating Art again, that is if you can believe Actor **Gardner McKay's** old TV show *Adventures in Paradise* was Art. On that program McKay cruised the South Pacific waters being heroic, and recently it stood him and four young men in good stead. McKay, in Hawaii to make a film, was sailing the 55-foot cutter *Eolo* into Honolulu Yacht Harbor when he spotted four teen-agers struggling against a 10-foot surf at the entrance to the rocky channel. Unable to bring the cutter about, McKay docked it hastily and borrowed a 20-foot runabout. He headed back and scooped up the four boys, who were by that time almost helpless. "I've been doing things like this for years," McKay said with a becoming lack of modesty. "It was just like on TV."

Brigitte Bardot ought to know by now that she cannot sunbathe privately anywhere except perhaps at the bottom of a mine shaft, but a photographer caught her again recently and again Brigitte is suing. She was sunning herself by her swimming pool in Rome and Brigitte, sans top, and husband Gunther Sachs, sans everything, were snapped by a *papparazzo* with a telephoto lens. The pictures were published in an Italian magazine and Brigitte, fuming, brought suit claiming invasion of privacy. The photographer, she said, "has acted not only without receiving authorization from me and my husband, but even cut a hole in the dense vegetation surrounding the swimming pool and the villa!" She added that the pictures had "no other aim except that of arousing the morbid curiosity of the public." Oh, come now, Brigitte, surely not the *morbid* curiosity of the public.

During ceremonies before the Mets' Oldtimers (average age 34½) tottered out onto the field at Shea Stadium last week for their exercise in nostalgia against the 1960 Yankees, Met **Rod Kanehl** trod upon the skirt of usherette Alyanne Morante (*below*). There have been sneers because the bit of byplay was set up in advance, but we consider it a triumph. Hot Rod Kanehl pulled Alyanne's skirt off *on purpose!* Any Met could have done it by mistake.

One of the women's magazines reports that the California hostess, to be really in, must snag **Sandy Koufax** for her dinner parties. "The status guest is Sandy Koufax," writes Lyn Tornabene in the current *Ladies' Home Journal*. "None other compares, but **Don Drysdale** makes a nice second choice. If you can't get either, try for a basketball player or **Bishop James Pike**." If even the Bishop can't make it, presumably the California hostess calls the whole thing off and sends out for pizza.



Bill Wambsganss' unassisted triple play in 1920 was nothing compared to the recent Boyer-to-Buchek-to-Kranepool job. The former just took skill; the latter took, among other things, almost $40,000, a 75-man movie crew and the cooperation of the Screen Actors Guild and Harry Walker. Paramount is filming *The Odd Couple* with **Walter Matthau** and **Jack Lemmon**. Matthau plays a sportswriter separated from his wife; he is rooming with a friend, Lemmon, an ashtray-emptying nut who calls Matthau in the press box with the urgent message that he is not to eat any frankfurters, because they are having frankfurters for dinner. During the call, Matthau misses a Met triple play against the Pirates. Paramount, not finding it feasible to employ enough extras to fill Shea Stadium or spend 20 years training child actors to play ball, had to shoot real Mets, Pirates and fans. They had just one half hour before the game at Shea, and, the way things were shaping up, Matthau's bet that they would not get it in a single take seemed like conservative pessimism indeed. Roberto Clemente, who was to hit into the triple, huffed out, offended at the mere $100 Paramount would pay. Maury Wills had to refuse to run bases—his agent advised him he might be in union trouble because of his off-season show-business career. When Harry Walker learned that half an hour of batting practice was to be given up to thespian endeavors, the Pirate manager screamed, "The hell with that. My team needs the batting practice." Bill Mazeroski finally replaced Clemente, Donn Clendenon replaced Wills and Mazeroski got up, hit a couple of accidentally successful line drives and then hit neatly into the Boyer-to-Buchek-to-Kranepool triple play as Matthau stood with his back to the whole thing, discussing frankfurters.



The commoner husband of **Crown Princess Beatrix** of The Netherlands is now **Prince Claus**, and as such he apparently has a few princely habits to acquire. One of them is horseback riding. For months now Claus has been secretly tutored by the Queen's equerry in a small arena in Queen Juliana's stables. Claus is 40, and 40 is a little late to have to learn to sit prancing stallions, so he has been working out with a small ladies' horse named Lightfoot, ridden until recently by the equerry's wife. For all of Lightfoot's size and gentleness, Claus was still having a tough time mounting last week (*above*), but once up he managed a small and mercifully uneventful trot along the beach outside The Hague. "He is a fast pupil, but he will never become a jumping champion like his father-in-law Prince Bernhard," observed a member of the stable personnel.



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An overspin stroke smooths a bumpy route



Instead of using a normal putting stroke that makes the ball skid (left), you should hit the ball slightly high (right) to give it overspin

FRANCIS GOLDEN

One important factor when putting on spiked or bumpy greens is the necessity for controlling the ball at, and immediately after, impact. A putt that is stroked in the normal way has almost no spin as it leaves the club head. For the first few inches—depending on the length of the putt—the ball is essentially skidding. Then it begins to pick up its own rotation and rolls toward the hole. When greens are unusually bumpy, such as those we all faced at the Canadian Open two weeks ago, this lack of initial spin becomes a problem, because the ball may well hit something quite small and be deflected before it develops its own inertia. Any fraction of an inch that the ball is knocked off line early, of course, becomes a couple of feet by the time it reaches the hole. To help solve the control problem with such a putt, I suggest that you try hitting it on the upswing. This slight change in the stroke will give the ball overspin from the moment it leaves the club head. The overspin will help the ball remain on line through those important first few inches.

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A side-door entrance to the major leagues

Dave Baldwin of Washington was a study in futility until the day he developed a peculiar sidearm delivery. Since then he has been a superspecialist, a right-handed reliever who pitches only to right-handed batters

At age 29, Dave Baldwin of the Washington Senators is a rookie and one of the lesser figures among the faceless horde of young men who cling by their fingernails to the fringes of the big leagues. When he sets out to do battle on the baseball field he goes virtually unarmed. A right-handed pitcher, Baldwin has as his major weapon a peculiar side-arm curve ball that has been called everything from unimpressive to nightmarish. His job, in an era of increasing specialization, is so specialized as to approach nonexistence. He usually pitches only against right-handed hitters and then only under certain conditions, one of them being that the opposition must have a scarcity of left-handed pinch hitters.

Counting the three and two-thirds innings he had to extend himself to pitch in Washington's marathon 22-inning game with Chicago, Baldwin has averaged only slightly more than one inning of pitching in 31 appearances. Often he is allowed to face only one batter. This is as close to unemployment as a pitcher can get without being on the disabled list. Yet the frequency with which he is called upon to perform his specialty and the heady 1.61 ERA that decorated his name on the statistical sheets last week testify to his effectiveness.

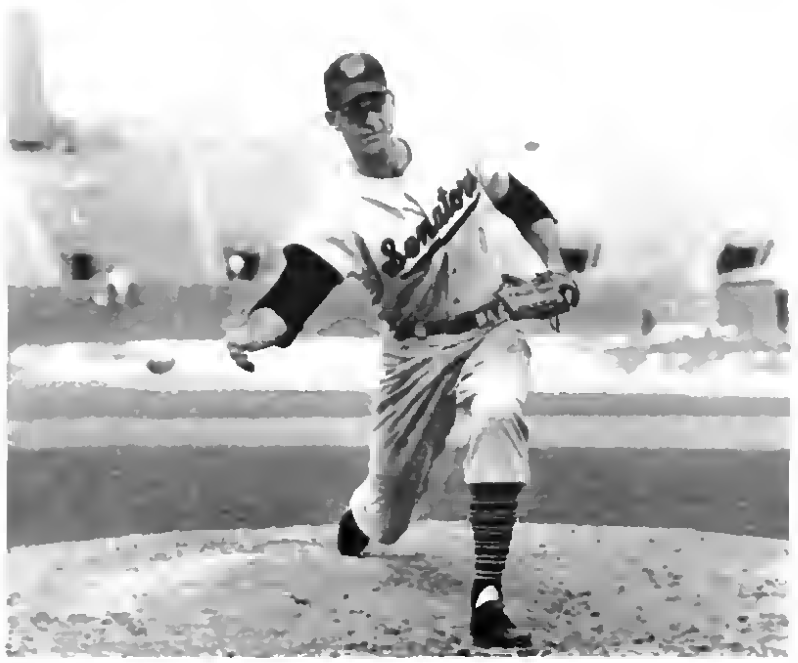
Baldwin's strange delivery appears to start from third base. He releases the ball from somewhere between his belt and knees, with a sweeping motion that begins so far to the right that a right-handed hitter would have to look behind him to see it leave Baldwin's hand. "If you peek, you're dead," said Ruben Amaro of the Yankees, after a game in which he ended a Yankee rally by weakly popping out against Baldwin.

At best, a right-handed hitter picks up the ball late. If it's the curve, which Baldwin throws at least two-thirds of the time, the ball appears to be bearing down on the hitter. Just as the batter's instincts scream at him to bail out, the ball sweeps away from him, away and down. If the hitter has obeyed his impulse and has stepped back, he is in no position to hit the ball.

Left-handed hitters, however, are looking directly at Baldwin's hand when he releases the ball. They have no trouble following it and, by the time it begins its sweep into them, they are ready to pound it over some distant fence. So it is that Gil Hodges, the manager of the Senators, goes to some lengths to avoid having Baldwin face this ignominy. Other managers try just as hard to foil him. That's why in the second game of a twi-night doubleheader against the Yankees in Washington recently Ralph Houk of the Yankees was preparing to use a couple of kids named Frank Tepedino and Charlie Sands if Baldwin had come into the game. Tepedino and Sands are draftees without experience; Tepedino had batted only three times this season, Sands not at all. But they are left-handed hitters, and perhaps that is why Baldwin did not get into the game. "I doubt if Houk would have used them," Hodges said. "I just might have," Houk said with a wink.

Being at the center of this kind of summit strategy amuses Baldwin. Being at the center of *anything* amuses him. For eight frustrating, $3-a-day-meal-money-on-the-road years Baldwin was noticed by nobody. At one point during those years he had the distinction of being released, in a single season, by farm clubs of the two worst teams in baseball, the New York Mets and Houston. And at the time of his release from one of those farm teams—Durham—the team was in last place, 40 games behind. All baseball careers

continued



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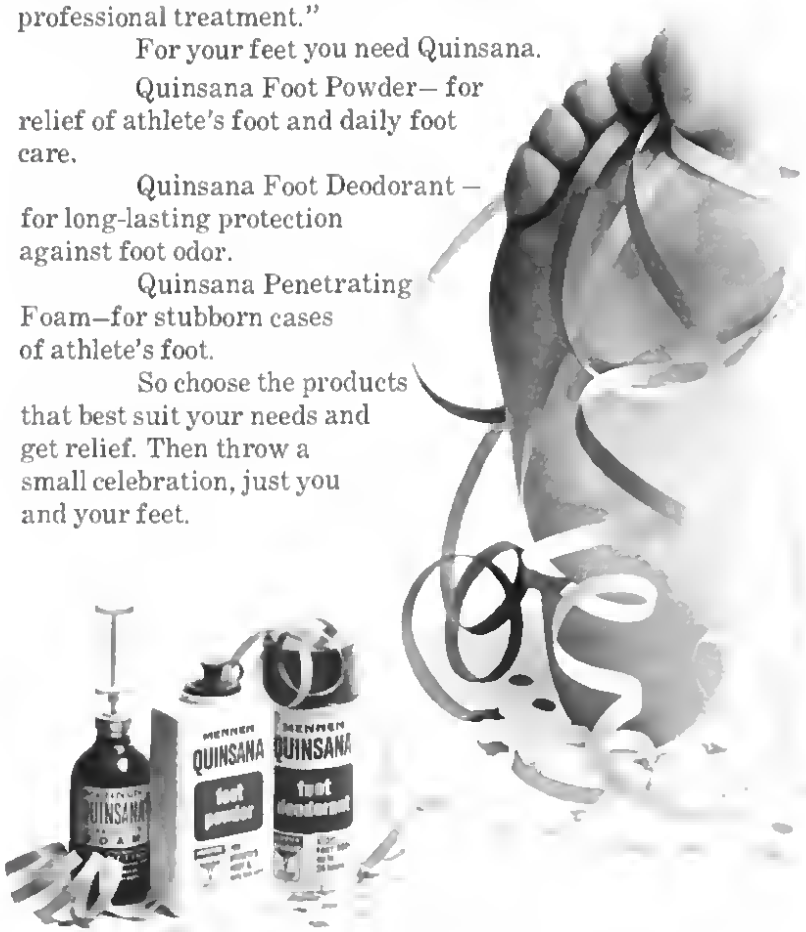
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have low points, but that was ridiculous.

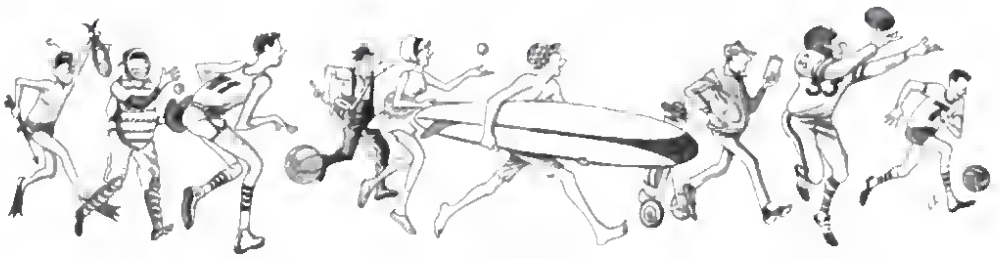
Indeed, Baldwin can recount his career as a series of nadirs. He was a high school whiz pitcher in Tucson, and 14 major league teams tried to grab him. He chose college instead, not so much to get an education, but to appear in the University of Arizona baseball showcase, do well and collect a huge bonus. But in his sophomore year he hurt his arm and his chance for big money. Only the Phillies and Yankees were still interested when his varsity career ended in 1959, and neither was willing to offer a bonus. Baldwin chose the Phillies since they needed help most—and he wound up being wrong about that, too. He was sent to Williamsport, where he had a 1-1 record and a 7.38 ERA. After that things got worse.

Like a stretch in the Army. And reinjuring his arm. In 1962 Baldwin got a chance at Triple-A ball, only to suffer a streak of wildness and wind up with a beautiful 15.00 ERA at Buffalo and a 9.00 ERA at Dallas-Fort Worth. In 1963 he was Little Rock property and, although he was completely healthy, he spent a good part of the season on the disabled list because Little Rock had no room on the roster for him. "There were nine of us," he recalls. "All healthy. All on the disabled list. We had enough men to start our own team." Later that year he was sent to Chattanooga and was put on the disabled list there, too. (What with injuries and pettifoggery, Baldwin has pitched a total of only 786 innings in eight seasons. "I'm not exactly burned out, am I?" he says with a wry grin.)

His big year was 1964. The Mets had taken over Williamsport, along with a lot of Philadelphia player discards, Baldwin among them. They took a quick look at his age—26—a faster look at his record and gave him his release. He sort of expected it, since most of the Phillie farmhands were getting theirs. He got lucky, though. The Durham club in the Houston chain had just lost a pitcher—by drowning. Baldwin got the job. In 10 games there he had an 0-2 record with a 5.14 ERA, and he was careful not to go swimming. At midseason, he was released.

"It's funny," he says now, his brown eyes glinting with amusement behind the professorial eyeglasses he wears, "but I was shocked. I really was surprised. For the first time I began to

continued



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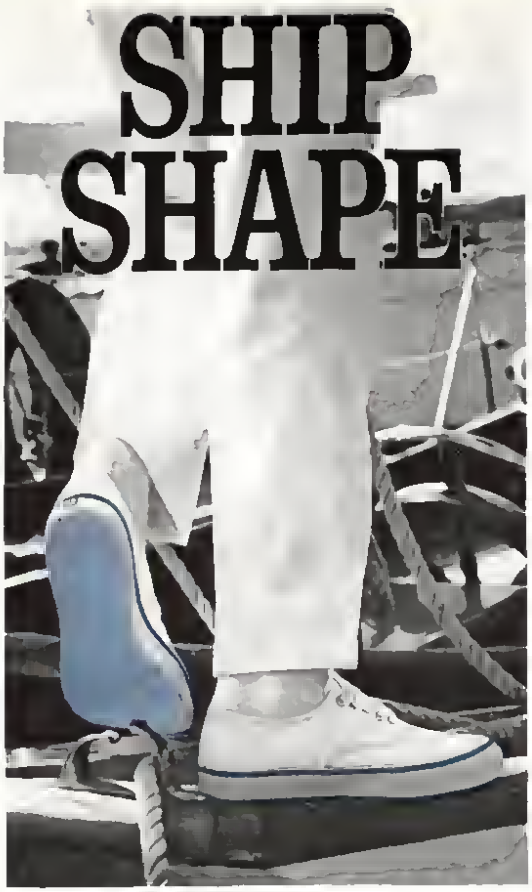
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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

think that I would never make it to the big leagues. Ever since I was a kid I'd always taken it for granted that I would. It was a terrible thing. I didn't get over it for a long time. In the middle of the season you're out of a job, and you don't know where to go."

At this point a lot of people would have packed it in and have headed for home. It isn't as though Baldwin had nothing else to turn to. Going to college and majoring in physical education had done a strange thing to him. It had turned him on to academics—anthropology, zoology. He has now earned two B.S. degrees and has a consuming, if somewhat obscure, interest in population genetics. This, he says, is the study of "the physical evolution of man in conjunction with social evolution." His long-range aim—and he still goes to school in the off-season—is to get a Ph.D. "I want to be a scientist," he says, "but I'm in no hurry."

He was in a hurry, though, at midseason of 1964, to get a baseball job. He tried everything. He called everybody he knew in baseball, including a league president, two umpires and more farm directors than he wants to think about. His wife, Diane, an elfin, blue-eyed redhead, with a wit that matches her looks, says, "He must have spent $50 on phone calls. That's a lot of money when you don't have it."

When Baldwin was released from Durham in 1964 he and his wife did what countless couples have done in similar circumstances—they set out to visit his wife's family near Williamsport. That's where they had met. She worked for the team physician. "All the players came through the doctor's office," Diane Baldwin says. "You picked out the one you wanted and went after him."

While Dave drove toward Williamsport, Diane studied *The Sporting News*. "We've had a lot of experience looking for jobs," Baldwin says. "What you do is go through *The Sporting News* and look to see who's in last place. That's the team that needs help the most."

It was Diane who noticed that York was in last place in the Eastern League and would, besides, be playing in Williamsport when they arrived there. "I was lucky," Baldwin says. "Jim Lemon was the manager at York. I'd pitched a good game against them and he remem-

continued

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bered He was short of pitching and gave me a job."

The salary was $500 a month, or just enough to stay one step ahead of the welfare department But not only were the Baldwins able to live on his salary, they were able to save, so that in the winter, when Dave went back to school and Diane to work as an X-ray technician, there was enough to pay tuition and living expenses

"It was easy," she says, "but you have to like hamburger "

There are other tricks. "Don't buy any more for this week than you need," she says "You might not be here next week Besides, you learn to do without."

Doing without means taking an inexpensive apartment. In Durham this meant killing a centipede a day "You had to really kill it," she recalls. "If you got half of it the other half walked away "

Doing without also means studying the newspaper ads and hitting four supermarkets to pick up the specials It means lugging around a sewing machine and sewing your own clothes. Finally, it means skipping a movie and going for a walk instead. Or reading books Novels. Short stories. In the little world of baseball, this alone sets them apart from the rest of the crowd

"It's not so bad," Diane said "We enjoy each other's company We could have a TV if we wanted it, but there just isn't that much worth watching "

Baldwin decided that if he were ever going to make it to the major leagues, he would have to do something different. He began to experiment. Working on a slider, he found that he had better control and was more effective if he dropped his arm before he let it go "It was mostly serendipity," he said. "I dropped my arm lower, and pretty soon I was throwing a sidearm curve It worked better than the slider "

He had the best year of his career with Burlington that year, finishing 12-3 with 135 strikeouts and a more than respectable 2.43 ERA Then it was two pretty good years in Hawaii and, at last—at the end of 1966—to the Senators. Still last place, but last place in the big leagues. His salary is still low—only $7,500—but it is enough to afford the Baldwins a cozy apartment just outside Washington, D.C. They now have steak once in a while, and they haven't seen a centipede yet. **END**

Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater.

There's a funny thing about the American economy. Ask any two economists what makes it tick and you've started a debate.

Because, the simple, ingenuous truth of the matter is this: nobody really knows or agrees on all the influences that combine to give it muscle. Or, where all its weaknesses may lie.

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This is the astonishing power of the American consumer. He can make or break the largest businesses with a nod or a shake of the head. He has the choice. He has the ballot of the dollar.

That's why it is disturbing to find people of influence in America today who would like to make both free competition and free choice a little less free. They may concede that the system has produced some great results but they'd like to "fix it a little." There are too many kinds of olives, they say. Let's standardize. Company "A" spends more on advertising than Company "B", and that's unfair competition, they plead. Let's regulate.

Yet, our system was built on exactly the opposite kind of thinking. Regulation doesn't stimulate competition. It tends to make all products the same.

How much can you interfere with the competitive economy, which has brought us so many benefits, without damaging it? The truth is, nobody knows. The "Little" fixes may someday add up to quite a lot.

Of course, any economy needs some regulation— but let's be sure that we don't throw out the baby with the bath water.

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Dancer has a Hambo parlay

Winning the two most important trots at Goshen, Stanley Dancer may have offered a preview of Du Quoin for this and the coming year

Two teen-age girls sat and gossiped in the shade of a tree that Messenger, patriarch of all Standardbred horses, grazed under in 1801. Local citizens relaxed in red-and-green deck chairs near a barn, chatting amiably with Frank Ervin, who was harness racing's Horseman of the Year last season. Small children petted horses that made up part of the million-dollar business that is Billy Haughton's stable, and their parents felt free to approach Haughton and Stanley Dancer and other famous drivers who are merely names on the program at the big raceways. On the track some trotters were warming up, their hooves hitting the hard surface in a rhythmic beat like the distant drums of another era—an era that never seems quite as far away during the week of daytime racing at Historic Track in Goshen, N.Y.

"Everyone in harness racing should support this meeting," said George Morton Levy. "We should all appreciate something that preserves such a rich tradition." Levy, the tough, brilliant little man who is largely responsible for the success of big-time harness racing in this country, was at Goshen to be inducted into the Hall of Fame of the Trotter. He was not in the happiest of moods, both his sport and the track he built, Roosevelt Raceway, have had their troubles lately. Attendance and wagering have been falling while state and local governments have imposed more and heavier taxes. Roosevelt itself, long the symbol of all the color and glamour of night racing, is in the throes of a management struggle between accountants and promoters, which the bookkeepers seem to be winning. Too many other tracks have also made revenue seem more important than class. In its own small way, the Goshen meeting annually reverses this trend—which explains why many of the leading trainers, owners and breeders gather in this quiet little town during the first week in July every year.

The half-mile track at Goshen is hard and dusty, and the first turn is so poorly banked that many inexperienced horses

continued



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go off stride trying to negotiate it. Young horses are required to race two heats in one day in oppressive temperatures for purses that might not even lure them onto the track at other places. Yet the best young horses did race last week, to give the small crowds a lot of excitement as well as an early line on later and richer stakes races.

The emphasis, typically, was on trotting, the older and more traditional of the two gaits in harness racing. Pacers now outnumber trotters, and their shuffling gait makes them easier to train and more reliable to bet on. But neither of these considerations is very important at Goshen. In fact, E. Roland Harriman, the 71-year-old sportsman who runs Historic Track, doesn't even deign to include pacers in his own stable. It is not unusual to find nine straight paces on a card at a major raceway; on the afternoon of the Historic-Dickerson Cup at Goshen there were eight races—all of them trots. And in those races and others during the week, Goshen visitors may well have seen the next two winners of trotting's most important race, The Hambletonian.

The Historic-Dickerson was won in straight heats by Irving Berkemeyer's Dazzling Speed, driven by Stanley Dancer; three of the colts that finished behind him also showed promise. And earlier in the week Dancer won Goshen's 2-year-old stake, the E. H Harriman Challenge Cup, with a sensational trotter named Nevele Pride. A lot will happen before the 1968 Hambletonian, but at this point it seems likely that if Nevele Pride is not to win at Du Quoin, some other trotter is going to have to move awfully fast.

Nevele Pride drew the sixth post position in the seven-horse field for the first heat of the Harriman Cup, and he never did get to the inside rail. First Haughton took the lead with Larengo Hanover, then Eddie Wheeler took over with Kerry Pride. Dancer moved up to challenge on the outside but couldn't get to the front. "I missed two chances to tuck in along the rail, each time by a few inches," he said. "With a green colt, you can't keep stopping and starting to get a position." So Nevele Pride had to do the job the hard way, and he seemed to enjoy it. "He kept grabbing the bit all the way," Dancer said. "He just kept coming at those horses." Nevele Pride drew away from Kerry Pride in the stretch to win in 2:04⅘, a new track record.

On the gray benches where horsemen gather in the Goshen paddock, there was a brief stunned silence. "I've never seen a 2-year-old race like that this early in the year," said the experienced Jim Harrison of the U.S. Trotting Association. "If he comes out of the race all right," joked Johnny Chapman, "Stanley can race him back Friday in the Titan." Nevele Pride was not about to try the older horses in the Titan, but it may be a while before he finds any colts his own age who can test him. He won the second heat handily, and Dancer came back to the paddock smiling broadly. "This is a real trotter," he said. "I've only had one other 2-year-old come along as fast as this one. That was Noble Victory." Noble Victory was the undefeated juvenile champion of 1964.

Nevele Pride is a son of the brilliant sire Star's Pride out of an undistinguished mare named Thankful. Dancer bought him for the Nevele Acres last year for $20,000. "I wouldn't have paid $5,000 for him," said Billy Haughton. "I had his full brother, Pompous, and he wouldn't trot at all. He finally turned out to be a pacer, and not a very good one, either." Why did Dancer take a chance on him? "He was by Star's Pride," Dancer said simply, "and he was for sale."

The seven starters in the Historic-Dickerson included most of the leading 3-year-old colts except Pay Dirt, who was lame. During Dazzling Speed's first warmup mile on the morning of the race, some horsemen wondered if Pay Dirt was the only lame colt around. "He did feel awful," Dancer said. "I don't know if he was sore or if he just has a bad way of going sometimes. But anyway, he got better in each warmup mile." In the scoring just before the start, Stanley worked the colt an extra quarter mile to get rid of the last trace of trouble. Then he gave Dazzling Speed a perfect drive to win the first heat. He left the gate quickly to grab the lead, then let Haughton rush past him with Keystone Pride. When Joe O'Brien moved Halifax Hanover up to challenge, Dancer sat coolly on the rail. Entering the stretch, he appeared to be hopelessly boxed behind the leaders. "I never thought he could get through," said Haughton. "But when I whipped my colt he ducked in a little, and then I saw Stanley alongside me." O'Brien added, "My colt got a little tired and bore out a bit." That was all the help

continued

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Dancer needed, and Dazzling Speed rushed through the narrow opening to win going away. "How narrow was it?" Stanley said, "Well, I had to squeeze in there one wheel at a time."

Dancer's tactics also had a lot to do with Dazzling Speed's victory in the second heat. Leaving from the rail, he gave up the lead briefly to Keystone Pride, then regained it and set a slow pace. After loafing through the first three-quarters of a mile in 1:36, Dazzling Speed was able to coast home in front. Because Dancer's driving meant so much to him, and because his occasional soreness makes him a little suspect, Dazzling Speed does not appear to be an outstanding Hambletonian favorite. Keystone Pride, third in both heats of the Dickerson, is honest if not brilliant; Pomp, who was fifth, was making only his second start of the season and should improve. Most promising of all, perhaps, is Halifax Hanover, who raced wide all the way to finish second in the first heat, then was disappointing in the second heat and wound up fifth. O'Brien trains with The Hambletonian in mind and probably did not have his colt cranked up for two rugged heats this early in the summer. At the peak of his form Halifax may be the best of these colts, and D'Brien will certainly bring him to that peak just in time for The Hambletonian.

Ironically, the most impressive 3-year-old trotter to race at Goshen last week is not even eligible for The Hambletonian. Haughton drove Lloyd S. Lloyds's Flamboyant to easy wins in both heats of the Coaching Club Trotting Daks for fillies. Flamboyant beat *most of the colts last year, then under*went an operation for removal of a bone chip from her ankle. "She's returned as well as any horse I've ever had after an operation," said Haughton. "She never even took a bad step.

"Hambletonian nominations have to be made at the beginning of a horse's 2-year-old year," Haughton added sadly. "At that time this filly showed nothing. In fact, she looked like she wanted to be a pacer. So I left her out. I remember I did the same thing with another champion filly, Charming Barbara." Billy and Dwner Lloyds may receive some consolation—and a lot of cash—next week when Flamboyant takes on the colts in the Yonkers Futurity. **END**



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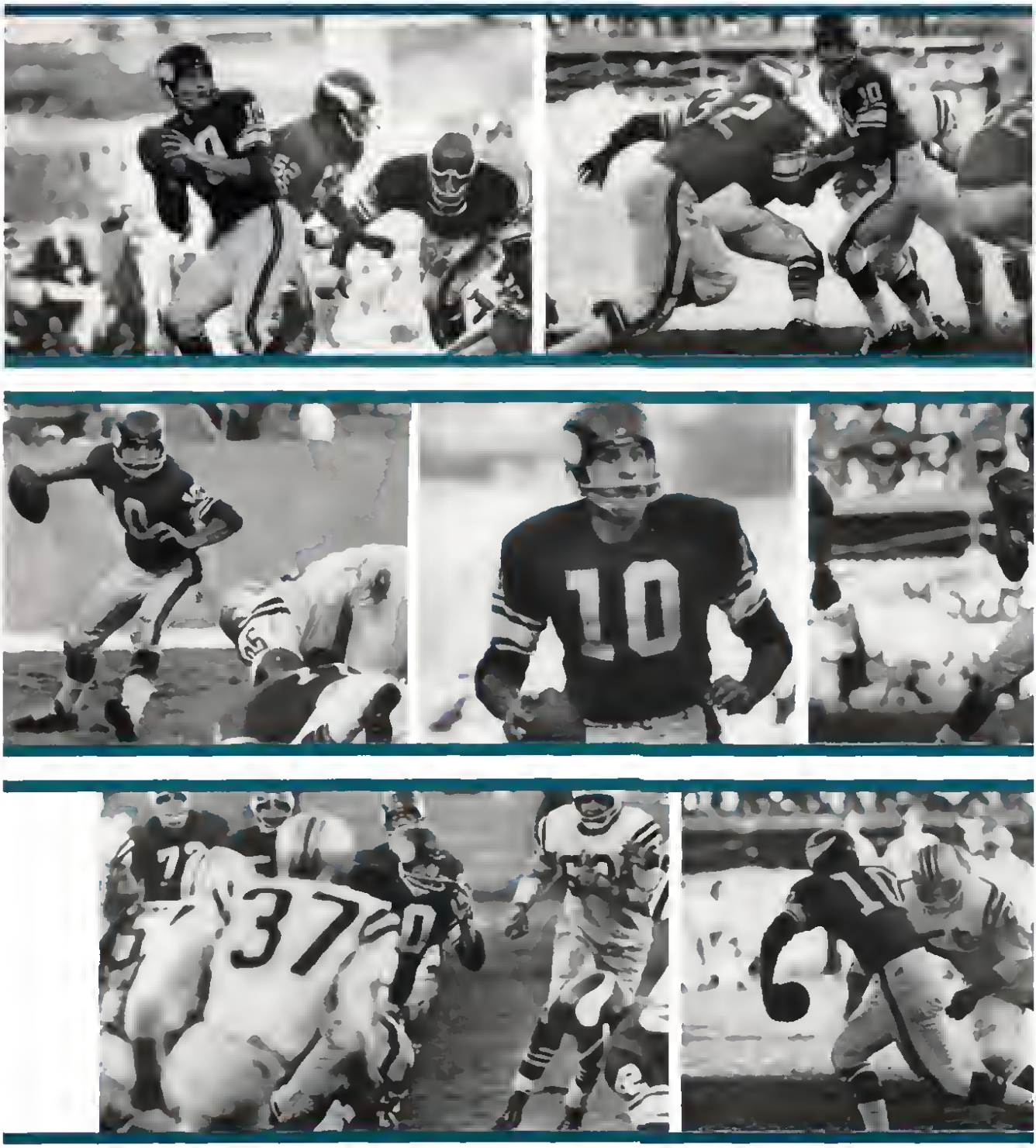
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In Part I of the story of his pro football career, the game's most unorthodox quarterback examines his sideline-to-sideline style and explains that he is really a pocket passer but believes it is

BY FRAN TARKENTON WITH JACK OLSEN

BETTER



TO SCRAMBLE THAN LOSE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART RICKERBY







If you follow pro football, you know that I've been traded to the New York Giants (*see cover*). There's a certain irony in that trade, because it was in New York that I got my nickname, "The Scrambler." I don't know whether I like the nickname or not, but I do know that it's a little misleading. Sure, I scramble. When everything else breaks down, I don't hesitate to roam out of the pocket and do the boogaloo. I don't automatically fall down and go boom when I'm trapped just because that's what quarterbacks traditionally do. These wild sideline-to-sideline scrambles have become my trademark, and people have forgotten the simple truth of the matter, which is that I'm basically a pocket passer.

Through the years lots of quarterbacks have been called scramblers—the name was hung on Frank Ryan when he played at Los Angeles seven or eight years ago, but it didn't stick—and a few writers applied it to me in my first couple of years with the Minnesota Vikings. But after we beat the Giants in New York in 1964 there was a lot of stuff in the papers about my scrambling. It seems to me that the name stuck after that. I don't think there was a reporter covering the game who didn't tell about the time I popped out of the pocket, roamed 40 yards behind the line of scrimmage and finally completed a pass downfield for a 10-yard gain. And how many times do you think I scrambled in that ball game?

Once.

That's right. There were other times during the game when I ran the ball (doesn't every quarterback?—but you couldn't have called those plays scrambles in the remotest sense of the word.

It makes a fellow wonder just what is a scrambler, and sometimes I'm tempted to offer the following definition: "A scrambler is somebody the press calls a scrambler." But that wouldn't be quite fair, either. I *do* scramble. I *do* get on some pretty hairy journeys out there. But how often? Two years ago I did a study on my style over a period of six or seven games, and here's what came of it: on the average I would call 28 pass plays a game. On 25 of them I would stay in the planned pattern; on three of them I would scramble. If that doesn't make me a pocket passer, then figures are meaningless. As for scrambling efficiency, I completed a pass on half of my scrambles, one-fourth of the time I made yardage running and one-fourth of the time I got dumped.

After the tag The Scrambler had become mine, all mine, the public misconceptions about me seemed to multiply. I'd play a game away from home and I'd scramble maybe two or three times, which is my average, and after the game all the reporters would come in and say, "Why didn't you play your usual style?" And, "How come you threw so much from the pocket?" And I would try to say, "I threw from the pocket because that is my style."

"No, it isn't," they would say. "You're a scrambler."

"O.K.," I would say. "I'm a scrambler." Anything to get to the shower.

The public attitude about scrambling is a conglomeration of a lot of wrong ideas, and I'm not trying to put a rap on the public, because there are plenty of men intimately involved in pro football who are just as confused about what a scrambler is. You'd be surprised how much the pro football people believe what they read. Things get printed over and over again, many of them wrong, and once a fundamental mistake has been printed you can never catch up with it and straighten it out. For example, somebody once printed that I only scramble *from* fear and that this was the basic motivation for my scrambling. And since then I've read that theory at least a hundred times. *But it was said as a joke!* Exactly the same thing happened years ago when Norm Van Brocklin said, "I only run from stark fear." This is part of the modesty of any quarterback when he's being interviewed. You turn questions aside with jokes, because otherwise you're going to have to say things like, "Sure, I scramble because I'm good at it, because I can twist and dodge those big pass rushers better than most guys and we get a lot of touchdowns that way." If *that* comes out in the papers, everybody says, "Boy, that Tarkenton has a big head, doesn't he?" So you shrug your shoulders and you tell the reporters with a fetching smile, "Aw, I only run *from* fear," and everybody laughs, and then the same line pops up in the newspapers, and the readers take it seriously. Why, the idea that any pro football player would run from fear is ridiculous on the face of it. A quarterback has to maintain his cool while a 300-pound pass rusher is firing at him like a Sidewinder missile, and at the last second, before his feet get knocked out from under him, he has to stick that ball right on some receiver's left ear. To perform in that sort of pattern over and over again, you've got to be entirely lacking in fear or sense, one, and if you lacked sense you wouldn't be a pro quarterback anyway.

I don't know anything in pro football that has been as overemphasized and as misconstrued as my occasional scrambling. Even the NFL helps spread the misconceptions. Every year the league gets up a film of NFL highlights, and every year I'll run maybe two really *wild* scrambles during the whole season, and guess what you'll see me doing in the NFL films? It's been that way for six years. I don't blame the guys who make the films, scrambles are exciting and unusual and sometimes even funny. This year, as usual, I'm in the film for two plays, and they're both scrambles. One of them is against Dallas. It's third and four on our 45-yard line and I fake a handoff to the halfback going to the right, and now I'm supposed to throw to my right end, who has faked a block and snuck to the opposite side of the field. The only trouble is, some Dallas defenders have snuck right with him, and the pass rush is boring in on me, so I take off. I run to the right and nothing develops downfield, so I wheel off to the left, about 10 yards behind the line, and there's still nobody home, so I wheel back to the right again, and then back to the left again, and all this takes about 35 seconds, and pass receivers and the defensive secondary are whirling around downfield like bugs on a millpond. Finally somebody breaks into the clear, and I hit him for 10 yards and a first down.

The other scramble was against San Francisco, late in the game, and I can't find a receiver open, so I break out of

the pocket and run around to my left, and pretty soon the 49er pass rushers have me cornered, so I wheel back to the middle of the field and stop to throw, but there's still nobody open and a guy is flying at me, so I take off again and the guy sails right over me, and then I run all the way over to the sideline and throw a long pass to the goal line. One of the defenders tips it up in the air, and my man catches it for a touchdown. How are you going to leave plays like that off the NFL film? And millions of viewers see the film, and they say, "Boy, those Minnesota Vikings sure come up with some interesting game plans!" They don't understand that the scramble is never planned, it is a reaction to an emergency situation. *It just* happens, and a lot less often than people have been led to believe.

But if you never understood scrambling before, don't feel bad. Neither do a lot of people who ought to know better. Three days before the Pro Bowl Game one year, Coach Don Shula of the Baltimore Colts came up to me and said, "Fran, anytime you're ready we'll be glad to work on *your* scrambles for a while." He actually thought we had scramble plays that could be practiced. Later on that day Don McCafferty, one of Shula's assistants, took me aside and said, "Fran, tell me something. Do you scramble off the roll-out, off the bootleg, or when?"

I said, "Coach, you scramble off the busted play, that's all. You do it when you can't do anything else."

Another time Baltimore Tackle Bob Vogel asked Viking Tackle Grady Alderman, "Grady, what kind of blocking patterns do you have for The Scrambler?" Grady said, "Well, we don't really have any patterns. All you do is just stand still and wait for old Fran to come past you again. And if you miss your man the first time, don't worry. Fran'll be back!" Grady was kidding, of course, that's one of his favorite lines. The truth is, you block for the scramble the same as you block for any other play. You knock down everybody in your assigned area and after that you knock down everybody in sight. There's no special pattern. And anyway, when I'm scrambling it's because something has broken down: me, the pass blocking or the pattern. That's why I'm scrambling!

Another misconception is that the mobile, scrambling quarterback is a marked man. John Unitas once said, "I have to believe that a roll-out quarterback cannot last very long, because he does such a lot of running around with big guys hitting him in the open. You can only take so much of that. Then again, his receivers are not likely to last too long, either, because *they* have to keep scrambling until the opportunity for a catch occurs." Don Shula seemed to feel the same way. A couple of years ago he said, "The running quarterback is not for Baltimore. We only have two, John Unitas and Gary Cuozzo, and want to keep them both healthy."

Well, the very year that Don made that statement he lost both his quarterbacks to injuries and had to play Tom Matte, a halfback. It turned out that staying in the pocket was no guarantee of safety at all. When I first went to the Vikings, everybody would see me scramble and they'd say, "He'll get killed doing that!" But in my first years at Minnesota it didn't make any difference if I was killed or not. No championship was hanging on me; we weren't going to win many games as a newly franchised team anyway, and we were all expendable. So I scrambled all over the field. Sure, I took some lumps, but in six years at Minnesota I missed maybe a total of two quarters in 80 games.

Some people say it's all well and good to scramble at my age, which is 27, but as soon as I get a little older and lose a step or two they'd better start selecting my tombstone. I don't agree at all. Scrambling isn't a matter of speed; it's a matter of quickness, and I believe a man can maintain his essential quickness till he's 40 or even beyond. I think a player can even *increase* his quickness, if he doesn't let himself get out of shape in the off season and if he works at it all the time. I watched Gino Marchetti play when he was 39, and he was as quick and effective as he was when he was 29. Maybe in the 100-yard dash he was a second slower, but that has nothing to do with anything. I expect to be playing when I'm 39, and I expect to be scrambling my usual two or three plays a game, and I hope to be in the flower of health.

Right now you're witnessing a time of great change in professional football, toward a more wide-open, imaginative, fluid offense. The aim is to get the ball into the end zone in any way possible, and that includes rolling it if necessary. I'm all for this approach. I'll do whatever it takes to get across that goal line. If it's running, if it's passing, if it's scrambling, if it's kicking or crawling or lateraling or standing on my head, I'm willing to do it, and I expect everybody else on the team to feel the same way.

Green Bay is the champion right now, and there is always a tendency to mimic a successful style, but in spite of that tendency most NFL teams are busily doing the opposite of Green Bay. In the last couple of years the Packers have raised their theory to the highest, emphasizing execution, sophistication and discipline, and there's nothing wrong with that. But there's also a place for imagination and verve and flair, for improvisation, for breaking out of there and turning a busted play into a long gain and trying everything.

Furthermore, I'll go so far as to say that flexibility and mobility have NFL history on their side, and Green Bay's style is *against* the pattern of football history. The whole trend has been from the static to the mobile, from the planned to the improvised. Remember the days when seven guys used to line up with their shoulder pads almost touching, and seven other guys would line up across from them, and when the ball was centered everybody began to shove? Then the defenses became more mobile: they'd jump from four-three to five-three to five-two and change assignments and stunt and blitz and do all kinds of crazy things, and pretty soon the offensive lines had to open up and become more flexible themselves. And look at the backfield. The ball used to be centered to one back, and he would take off like a truck, following some "blocking back" who

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would lead him into the line, and together they would try to shove open a hole. Compare that with the mobility in a backfield nowadays. It's all moving, kaleidoscopic, *fluid*, and to my mind the immobile quarterback no longer has a place in that kind of game. It used to be perfectly normal for a quarterback to duck his head and take an automatic eight-yard loss whenever the pattern didn't develop downfield. Well, my philosophy is that I've got to go for the first down with everything I've got, and if the play looks like it's turning into a disaster, then I believe I should get out of that pocket and try to make something out of the broken play. Let's say I'm on my 40-yard line and it's third and eight and I go back and the protection breaks down and the pass rush is right on top of me. All right, I can unfurl the white flag and take an eight-yard loss. Or I can move out and risk taking a longer loss and at the same time keep my chances alive for a first down. To me, there's no choice.

Up at Minnesota we would use any weapon to move the football. We even made wholesale use of the lateral, and there was one year when almost every offensive lineman on our club had at least one carry. We'd start to be tackled and we'd just flip that ball back to the nearest man in a white shirt, and we scored a lot of touchdowns that way. People would say, "My, my, how bush!" And we would go right on lateraling, maybe 10 times a season on the average, and in my six years at Minnesota we rarely lost the ball on a lateral.

Once at Los Angeles we won on a double lateral. I was trapped, flipped the ball to Mick Tingelhoff, our center, and he unloaded to Bill Brown, who ran for a touchdown. After that game David Jones, the Los Angeles defensive end, said, "That play won't work against anybody but us, but you can expect anything from Tarkenton. He might lateral the ball to a fan!" In another game it was fourth and 10, and we needed to score a touchdown. A field goal would do us no good. When the pass receivers showed up covered, I ran the ball down to the five-yard line and that was the end of the road—I was surrounded by unfriendly faces. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Fullback Bill McWatters about half a mile away and behind me, so I turned and passed him a lateral, and he went in untouched. Dangerous? Sure. But what if he missed it, or what if he fumbled? We'd have lost anyway. So it was sandlot. Who cares? It was our only chance. It didn't bother us if we looked bad winning. That beats looking good losing!

The craziest play we ever ran at Minnesota was against Green Bay, of all teams. The time was 1964, and I hadn't yet learned that the way to beat Green Bay is to play it at its own conservative, careful game. As a result, we were down by a score of 23–21 and there was just a little more than a minute left, and we've got the ball, first and 10, in our own territory. On the first play the Green Bay pass rush gets to me and I take an eight-yard loss. On the next play we get hit with a five-yard penalty and lose the down. On third down, Tom Michel gains one yard on a running play. Now it's fourth down and 22 yards to go; there are 54 seconds left, and Green Bay goes into the fiercest-looking "prevent" defense you ever saw, with about six dozen defenders stationed all over the field to stop the home run. I called time and announced my plans. "Fellows," I said, "there's nothing on our ready list that'll help us now. We've got to do something drastic, and here's what it is: I want you ends to go down the field 25 yards, turn and hook up. You backs go straight out. That'll make five guys out there. I'm gonna scramble around till I can find one of you open."

They all looked at me as if I was nuts, and maybe I was. It was the only scramble I've ever *called*.

I knew I'd never have time to find a receiver on a normal drop, so I took the ball and spun out to the right and, as usual, Willie Davis was right on my tail. It wouldn't have surprised me to see Willie and me voted "cutest couple" after some of those Green Bay-Minnesota games, he was always clawing at me. Anyway, I had to retreat all the way to my own 10-yard line to get away from Willie. I set up to throw, and I felt his hand on my heel, so I pulled away from

him again, and then way down the field I spotted Tom Hall in the clear on the right sideline. I got the pass away, right on a line toward Tom, and then out of the corner of my eye I saw a white shirt streaking toward Hall and into the flight of the ball. It was our tight end, Gordie Smith; he saw that ball in the air and he was going to catch it! I said, "No, Gordie! No! No!" but he kept right on going and he plucked that ball right out of Tom Hall's hands and went down to the Green Bay 27-yard line. We used up a little time, and then Fred Cox came in and kicked the field goal that gave us our first win over the Packers.

Of course, if the scramble always worked that well even Green Bay would be using it, and I have to admit that sometimes the results of a scramble are less than spectacular. In a game against Detroit I kept moving backward, with Alex Karras and Darris McCord all over me, and finally I wound up on my 10-yard line, 45 yards from the line of scrimmage. So I broke upfield and got back 32 yards, and the whole place was in an uproar, and I got a standing ovation when I was finally tackled for a 13-yard loss! One of our linemen threw three blocks on the play. People kept shouting, "Look out! Here he comes again!"

I probably hold the record for the longest fumble in pro football, and this was off a scramble, too. We were playing the Rams three or four years ago, and I didn't have very good judgment in those days. The Rams put on a blitz, and this is the worst possible time to scramble; but I rolled out anyway, into all that traffic. I wheeled to my right and nobody was open, and Rosey Grier and Cliff Livingston were all over me, so I wheeled to my left and nobody was open, and all the time I'm dropping farther and farther behind the line of scrimmage, and finally one of those big L.A. linemen hit my arm and the ball squirted out. Somebody kicked it even farther toward our goal line trying to pick it up, and then Los Angeles fell on the ball. The total loss was 45 yards! That's how I learned that the scramble is not the answer to a blitz.

Down through the years I've had a lot of fun with those giants that go after me

continued

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when I scramble. They huff and they puff and they get all red in the face; they're hauling 275 pounds around, and I'm only hauling 190. Sometimes they get downright sore about it. Once Big Daddy Lipscomb spent the whole afternoon trying to nail me, and finally he does, and I'm flattened out under his 300 pounds like a dead cat on a superhighway, and he's making no effort to get off me, he's sitting there gasping for breath, and finally he says, "Little man, why fo' you run so much?" The great Los Angeles pass rusher, David Jones, says that he has to chase me all over the field so much that when he does catch me he's too tired to enjoy it. And Alex Karras once said, "He wears you out. I'd like to get my hands on the son of a gun just once, but I can't catch him." How I wish that were true!

I think my shining hour in the personal-war department came against Chicago, where Doug Atkins always made me a special project when I scrambled. I spent many an anxious moment under Doug, wondering how many of my ribs were left, but on this particular occasion I got away from his grip about three times and finally made a 37-yard gain with Doug chasing me all the way. When the play was over, Doug didn't have the breath to say a word. He just walked off the field and motioned George Halas to put somebody in till he got his wind.

Scrambles like that stick in people's minds, and a lot of times it's been said that my scrambles are leading the way toward a new kind of offensive pro football, but that's a little exaggerated. George Svendsen, a scout for the San Francisco 49ers, was quoted as saying, "That jumping jack, Mr. Tarkenton, will mark the newest trend in the evolution of the game. From now on you'll see more and more scrambling by quarterbacks. They'll roll out more, be more mobile. They've got to do something to get away from that pass rush." I wish I could accept that kind statement as gospel truth but, in my opinion, I am following the trend; the trend is not following me. Quarterbacks with the ability to move around have been with us for many years. Look at your championship quarterbacks. With few exceptions, they have mobility. Don Meredith majors in a roll-out offense. Maybe he doesn't scramble all the way back to the five-yard line, the way I've done on occasion, but he throws from outside the pocket routinely, and he can scramble when he has to. So can Charley Johnson, the St. Louis quarterback, and his ball club was everybody's choice to win the Eastern Division championship before he was hurt. Look at Jack Kemp in the American Football League. He's as mobile as they come, and so is Len Dawson, the AFL's championship quarterback. Dawson not only scrambles himself, but he operates from a moving pocket. You might even say Dawson's pocket scrambles! Frank Ryan moved around plenty when he brought two consecutive Eastern Division championships to Cleveland, and John Brodie was throwing from all over the place when he led his team to the No. 1 spot in total offense two years ago at San Francisco.

I think the quarterback of tomorrow is going to be better than we are today, and he will be able to do a zillion things, including scrambling. He's going to have the ability to throw from the roll, the moving pocket, the drop-back pocket, the bootleg and the busted play. What you're seeing now is the turnover period. When the present crop of pro quarterbacks goes out (and most of the regulars are over 30), the new group will make us oldtimers look silly. The quarterbacks coming out of colleges nowadays are better athletes than ever before, they can do everything. They're just not producing any more of those stay-in-the-pocket, rocking-chair quarterbacks. The new breed will make the game of football wilder and more interesting than ever before.

You'll see a mobile, unstereotyped game, a fluid, intellectual, complex game, sort of like chess with a crunch. You'll see more roll-outs, more bootlegs, more scrambles, more moving pockets, more play-pass action, more multiple formations—not only the flanker formation or flanker with split ends but the double and triple wing, with three flankers to one side, or the wing double wing, or maybe variations of the shotgun—all kinds of offenses and *all used by the same*

continued



Maybe we should have shot Ben Klein in a dark blue suit and let it go at that.

Dressing him for his favorite sport is tough. Too many favorites.

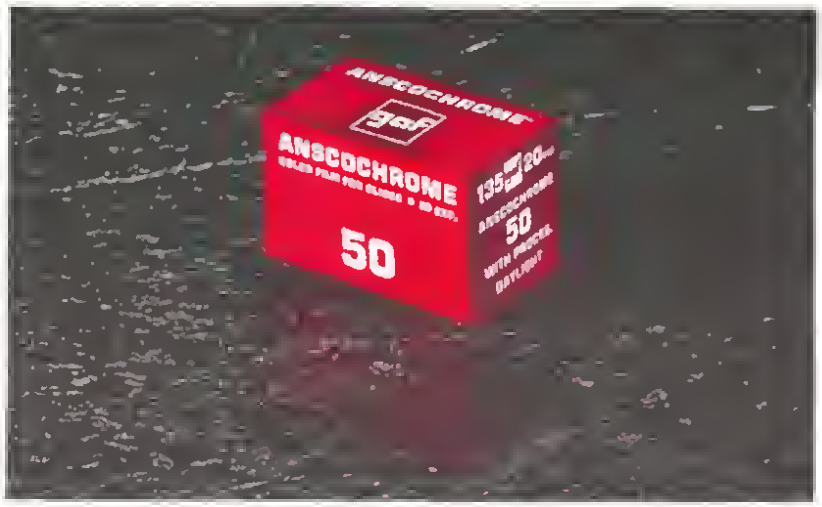
He golfs. There's indoor tennis in the winter. Sometimes skiing. He roots for the Jets at Shea. Drives an Iso GT. So we fudged. This is Ben ready for sailing and/or blue water fishing. You decide.

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Target Stores, Inc.
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BETTER TO SCRAMBLE *continued*

team in the same game. Dallas is already headed that way, and the other teams are not far behind.

At New York I know we'll take advantage of every technique in the book. Coach Allie Sherman has already told me that he considers my scrambling an asset, something to be exploited, not just something to be put up with. He told me that Charlie Conerly had certain assets the team could build around, Y. A. Tittle had other assets, and I've got still others. To me, that means one thing. We'll be a wide-open, imaginative team at New York, and I think we'll surprise a lot of people. The Giants showed promise last year before they were practically annihilated by injuries. The year before, they were a respectable 7-7. The Giants have some of the fastest pass receivers in the game, good strong backs and the nucleus of a tough defensive squad. Barring injuries, we'll have a hope for success.

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and shudder at the thought that I might never do anything meaningful in the game, might never win even a division title for all the years of trying. Plenty of good players go through an entire football career and never win a championship, and to me this is tragic. Tragic! But the nice part about it is that every season brings a new hope, a new chance. I start my own new career at New York with the same attitude every NFL player takes to the game, that we've got just as good a chance as anybody, that our ball club is headed for the championship, and if we don't bring *it home this year, we'll bring it home* next. I don't think it will take all that long at New York, but if it does, I'll still want to be there trying. If I played for a team for 15 years without winning a championship, I'd be the first guy to show up at training camp for the 16th year. That's what it's all about: winning. Show me a good loser and I'll show you a *loser*. I'd rather be a good winner any day.

Next Week

Fran Tarkenton tells of the triumphs and disasters of his rookie season with Norman Van Brocklin's Minnesota Vikings.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"I've seen my team rise to the occasion all year, and I've come to expect it of them," said Eddie Stanky of CHICAGO (4-4). This time the occasion was a four-game series against MINNESOTA (6-2), which had moved to within two and a half games of the Sox by winning eight in a row. In each of the first two games the White Sox were scoreless until the ninth. Each time they won. They took the first game 2–1 on a two-out, two-run error and the second 1–0 on a lead-off double by Dick Kenworthy, a sacrifice and a sacrifice fly. Such minimal offensive bursts would have been wasted, though, without superlative pitching by Gary Peters and Hoyt Wilhelm, who combined for a two-hitter in the opener, and by Tommy John, who pitched a three-hitter the next day. For John it was his second shutout of the week, his fifth of the year. But the Twins came back with some good pitching of their own by Jim Kaat and Dave Boswell to sweep a doubleheader with the White Sox 7–4 and 5–1 and move right back to where they had begun. With Al Kaline, Willie Horton, Gates Brown and Don Wert all injured, DETROIT (6-1) Manager Mayo Smith told his players, "Quit feeling sorry for yourselves and start fighting back." They did. Denny McLain and Earl Wilson each won their ninth and 10th games, and Lenny Green, brought up from Toledo, hit .393. CALIFORNIA (6-1) made its record 25 wins in 33 games as Don Mincher and Jimmie Hall won games with two-run homers. Reliever Moe Drabowsky of BALTIMORE (4-4) remained unbeatable as he won from the White Sox 1–0 in 14 innings. It was his sixth win this year, his 12th without a loss in two seasons. After beating the Senators with a four-hitter, Sam McDowell of CLEVELAND (2-5) said that perhaps part of his trouble in the past has been his hot-weather diet. "I found out tonight that you can't pitch on soda pop," McDowell said. BOSTON (2-5), NEW YORK (2-6) and KANSAS CITY (1-6) all tumbled. The Red Sox, who had lost 10 games by one run over a four week span, started losing by larger margins. Mickey Mantle hit his 512th homer to pass Mel Ott on the all-time list, and Al Downing stopped the Orioles 3–0. No one homered for the A's, but Jim Nash did blank WASHINGTON (4-3). Frank Howard hit five homers and took over the major league lead with a total of 24. He twice came so close to hitting a sign in K.C.—which offered $3,500 for such a prodigious achievement—that the A's said they would cover it up the next time he came to town.

Standings: Chi 47-33, Det 45-35, Minn 45-36, Cal 45-40, Bos 41-39, Cleve 40-42, Balt 39-43, NY 36-45, Wash 36-47, KC 35-49

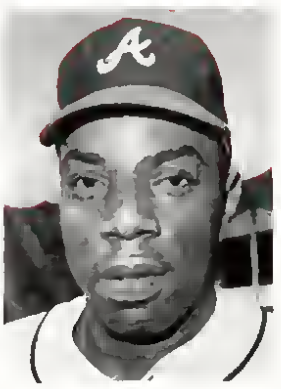
NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHICAGO (1-7) started the week explosively. The Cubs hit three homers in their first turn at bat, scored six times and beat the Braves 12–6 for their seventh win in a row, their 14th in 15 games. Las Vegas odds on a Chicago pennant, 250 to 1 in April, dwindled to 6 to 1. Then the Cubs really collapsed. Manager Leo Durocher tried to head off disaster by having a "confidential chat" with his players, but it was to no avail, as the team lost seven straight and went 57 innings without a homer. ST. LOUIS (4-3) also started fast and then faded. Unlike the Cubs, though, the Cardinals came back strong. They scored seven runs in their first inning of the week, then got just one run in the next 29. And for the second time in four days reliever Nelson Briles committed a wild pitch that cost the Cardinals a game. Just when a collapse seemed imminent, up stepped Julian Javier to drive in nine runs in three days. He set up one victory with a two-run homer and followed it by driving in the winning runs against the Phillies two nights in a row, first with a bases-loaded single, then with a three-run homer in the 12th. Gary Nolan and Jim Maloney kept CINCINNATI (3-4) going by beating the Cardinals 1–0 and 2–1. Tom Seaver of NEW YORK (4-2) brought his record to 8-5 by defeating both SAN FRANCISCO (4-2) and ATLANTA (4-3). The Mets beat the Giants a second time, 8–7, finally pinning a loss on Juan Marichal, who had won from them 19 times in a row. Mike McCormick's 2–1 win over the Mets the next day was his 10th victory and was the fourth time in four weeks he had halted a Giant skid. Jim Hart drove in 21 runs over a 10-game period, five of them to help Marichal beat LOS ANGELES (1-5) to give Don Drysdale his 10th loss. PITTSBURGH (4-2) General Manager Joe Brown was still not pleased with his club and coined a new word—erraticity—to sum up his feelings. Explained Brown: "It means we're too erratic." Willie Stargell hit a home run that landed on third base. In this case it was third base on the Little League field beyond the center-field fence, a drive of 542 feet. HOUSTON (4-3) built its longest win streak of the year by taking four straight from the Cubs. Larry Jackson of PHILADELPHIA (4-2) hustled to back up a play at the plate only to have the throw from the outfield take a weird hop and bloody his nose. Adversity seems to have mellowed Manager Gene Mauch, who even had a few words of faint praise for Philadelphia's vociferous fans. Said Mauch: "I've never heard them boo the National Anthem."

Standings: StL 49-32, Chi 46-35, SF 45-38, Cin 45-39, Atl 42-39, Pitt 40-38, Phil 40-40, LA 34-47, Hou 33-50, NY 31-47

HIGHLIGHT

If ever there was a case of love at first sight it was the Braves' affair with Mack Jones. After he had hit .309 and .326 in Triple A, the Braves called up Jones in midseason of 1961 and all but swooned when he tied a National League record by getting four hits in his first game. Then Jones turned into a Steve Bilko. As a part-time Brave for three years he hit .231, .255 and .219, only to drop back into the International League each time and proceed to tear the place apart: .326, .320 and .308. Given a last chance by the Braves in 1965, he made good by hitting 31 homers and batting .262. Last year, despite missing five weeks because of a shoulder operation, Mack the Knife had 23 homers and a .264 average. This season, however, he slumped and until two weeks ago was hitting a scant .237. Then he was moved up to the No. 2 spot in the lineup. Hitting second he has batted .369. "I get more good pitches to swing at batting second, because with Aaron up next they don't want to walk me," Jones says. "But I've never thought of myself as a .300 hitter. I don't even *want* to hit .300." Really? "Sure. If I hit .300 one year, they'll expect me to hit .300 the next." If Jones sounds a bit like Billy Loes, the talented but eccentric Dodger pitcher of more than a decade ago who vowed he would never be a 20-game winner, it is not without reason. "Homers are the fastest way to recognition and good pay," Jones explains. "After '65 nobody said, 'There's the guy who hit .262.' They said, 'There's the guy who hit 31 homers.' " Last week Jones hit four homers in four games, including game-winners against the Cubs and Mets. It was his way of wooing the Braves, and they loved it.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING—DAVE POUND of Britain and HELEN WESTON of the U.S. won the individual all-events championships at the 27-nation World Bowling Tournament in Malmo, Sweden. Pound, an 18-year-old London student, defeated Japan's Jyunnosuke Yamanaka by 59 points and Miss Weston, a 37-year-old Detroit accountant, edged Finland's Eija Krogerus by eight with a record total of 4,585 points for 24 games. POUND earlier teamed with Britain's JERS MORLEY for the men's doubles title and Miss Weston and her teammate Jean Stehle were runners-up to ALICIA SARABIA and TERESA OROZCO of Mexico in women's doubles.

BOXING—World Bantamweight Champion MASAHIKO (Fighting) HARADA of Japan made the fourth successful defense of his crown since winning it in 1965 with a unanimous 15-round decision in Tokyo over Bernardo Caraballo of Colombia.

FOOTBALL—Favored by seven points, the EAST team was hard pressed to score a 12-9 victory over the West as Florida's Heisman Trophy winner, Steve Spurrier, completing only three of 14 passes in all, tossed a winning 38-yard touchdown pass to Michigan State's Gene Washington in the last quarter of the Coaches All-America game in Atlanta. Most valuable player was West Quarterback John Brittenum of Arkansas, who completed 21 passes in 40 attempts.

GOLF—Floridian DICK CHAPMAN, 56, a former British and U.S. amateur champion, shot a 36-hole, one under-par 141 to win the International Seniors Amateur championship in Gleneagles, Scotland by two strokes over Adrian French of Los Angeles.

FRANK BEARD gained his third victory on the 1967 pro tour, finishing three strokes ahead of runners-up Rod Funseth and Rives McBee with a nine-under-par 279 in Indianapolis' $100,000 Speedway Open tournament.

MICKEY WRIGHT won a first place prize of $2,250 in the Lady Carling Open in Baltimore as she finished with a 54-hole total of 207, eight strokes ahead of Carol Mann.

HARNESS RACING—In a parade of straight-heat victories at Goshen, N.Y., the Allwood Stable's 8-year-old Lord Gordon won the Titan Cup free-for-all, Driver Stanley Dancer (*page 68*) swept the E. H. Harriman Cup 2-year-old trot with the Nevele Acres Nevele Pride and also won the Historic Diekerson for 3-year-olds with the Hambletonian favorite, Irving Berkelleyer's Dazzling Speed, and Bill Haughton took the Orange County Cup 3-year-old pace with the Farmstead Acres' Little Brown Jug favorite Romulus Hanover.

HORSE RACING—Ogden Phipps' BUCKPASSER ($31 ridden by Braulio Baeza, won his 25th race in 29 starts by half a length over Ring Twice in Aqueduct's 1¼-mile $109,800 Suburban Handicap, the middle leg of the handicap Triple Crown, increasing his career earnings to $1,419,114 to stand third on the all-time money-winning list.

TUMBLE WIND ($7.80), ridden by Johnny Sellers, earned his Llangollen Farm owners first money of $72,900 when he ran away with the 1¼-mile $117,900 Hollywood Derby, beating long-shot Duncan Junction by six lengths and the favorite Ruken by six and three-quarters.

EXCEEDINGLY ($27), with Frank Lovato up, won his second 1967 stakes victory and biggest ever as he upset Damascus, the Belmont and Preakness champion, by a nose in the 1 1/16-mile $54,100 William duPont Jr. Handicap at Delaware Park.

LERDY MOYERS, 30, of Salem, N.H., became the first U.S. jockey to ride seven consecutive winners on a single program, increasing his victory total to 69 on the last day of the 66-day Suffolk Downs meeting, in which he was the leading rider.

George M. Humphrey's 4-year-old roan filly INDIAN SUNLITE ($7.20) clipped ⅗ second from the stakes record for the 1 3/16-mile $57,600 Sheepshead Bay Handicap on the Aqueduct turf course, defeating Mount Regina by three and a half lengths in 1:54 4/5. Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Straight Deal, the 1966 record-setter, finished fifth.

With Ernie Cardone up, Martin Andersen's favored QUILLD QULEN ($4.20) scored her second stakes victory by 3½ lengths over a 28-to-1 shot, Secret Promise, in the 1⅛-mile $58,150 Monmouth Oaks for 3-year-olds.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH of Charlotte, N.C., averaging 141.583 mph, led four 1967 Fords across the finish line of the Firecracker 400 at the Daytona International Speedway to win his second major race of the season. Dick Hutcherson, Darel Dieringer and David Pearson were only seconds behind. A midnight-to-2:18 a.m. sedan race went to Parnelli Jones's Cougar.

SOCCER—USA: In the United Soccer Association's last week of regular season play CLEVELAND (14) retained its lead in the Eastern Division by one point, playing a scoreless tie with Detroit and losing to Vancouver 3-1. WASHINGTON (13), with a replay of a protested game yet to be settled with Los Angeles, split two, sharing second place with TORONTO (13), which won one, tied one. DETROIT (12) and NEW YORK (10) both tied two and last place BOSTON (7) split its games. In the Western Division LOS ANGELES (15) played two 2-2 ties with Chicago and Dallas to clinch the division championship. (The Wolves will face the Eastern Division leader July 14.) CHICAGO (13) tied two, SAN FRANCISCO (13) tied one and lost one, as did HOUSTON (12). VANCOUVER (11) and DALLAS (9) each won one, tied one.

NPSL: BALTIMORE (102) defeated Oakland 3-0 and tied St. Louis 2-2 to move back into the lead in the Eastern Division by two points, after losing first place last week to Pittsburgh (100). The Phantoms played a scoreless tie with Philadelphia and a 2-2 game with Chicago. ATLANTA (85) lost two games. PHILADELPHIA (77) won one, tied one, and last-place NEW YORK (67) split two. In the Western Division, OAKLAND (124) played two wins and a loss for a 32-point lead, while LOS ANGELES (92) dropped two. ST. LOUIS (90) lost and tied, CHICAGO (84) won and tied, and TORONTO (77) won one game over Atlanta 2-1.

SWIMMING—Eight world records were set at the Santa Clara (Calif.) International Invitational meet, with CLAUDIA KOLB, 17, of the Santa Clara Swim Club, DEBBIE MEYER, 14, of the Arden Hills Club and MARK SPITZ, 17, of the Santa Clara club scoring doubles. Miss Kolb broke her own 200-yard individual medley mark with a 2:27.5 and Donna de Varona's 1964 400-meter medley record (5:11.7) while Miss Meyer swam the 800-meter freestyle in 9:35.8 and the 1,500-meter in 18:11.1. Mark Spitz regained the world 400-meter freestyle record (4:08.8) and set a new mark in the 100-meter butterfly (56.4). PAM KRUSE, 17, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. bettered her week-old 400-meter freestyle time with a 4:36.4, and CATIE BALL, 17, of Pompano Beach, Fla. clocked 2:40.5 in the 200-meter breaststroke.

In Monte Carlo, France's ALAIN MOSCONI took two world marks in 48 hours—Mark Spitz' 400-meter freestyle with a 4:09.2 (broken again by Spitz three days later) and the 800-meter freestyle in 8:46.8.

TENNIS—BILLIE JEAN KING scored the first women's triple at Wimbledon since Doris Hart's 1951 sweep, winning her second straight singles title 6-3, 6-4 from Britain's Ann Haydon Jones (*page 22*) then joining Rosemary Casals to win the women's doubles and Australia's Owen Davidson to win the mixed doubles. Third-seeded JOHN NEWCOMBE of Australia took the men's singles, defeating Wilhelm Bungert of West Germany 6-3, 6-1, 6-1.

ROD LAVER beat top-seeded Ken Rosewall 6-2, 3-6, 6-4 in the all-Australian singles final of the Oklahoma City World Professional tournament. Teaming with DENNIS RAESTON, Rosewall defeated Laver and Fred Stolle 10-8 for the doubles title.

Unseeded LOU SCHOPFER, 44, of Memphis entered his first USLTA Senior Clay Court Championships and upset Atlanta's six-time winner Bitsy Grant 7-5, 6-4 in the finals at Bethesda, Md.

TRACK & FIELD—Kansas sophomore JIM RYUN, outdistancing Kenya's Kipchoge Keino by 30 yards, shattered Herb Elliott's Rome Olympics 1,500-meter world record by 2.5 seconds with a clocking of 3:33.1 and led the American team to a 396-295 victory in the U.S.–British Commonwealth meet in Los Angeles (*page 16*).

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: By Fullback JIM TAYLOR, 31, Green Bay's punishing short-yardage weapon for eight years, a four-year contract for an estimated $400,000 with the New Orleans Saints. The Packers will receive the Saints' first draft choice next year and another player yet to be named.

TRADED: Baltimore southpaw STEVE BARBER, 28, to the New York Yankees for "over the $20,000 waiver" and two players to be named. Winner of 20 games in 1963 and 10 in 1966 before injuring his elbow in mid-July, Barber had a 95-75 record in eight years with the Orioles.

CREDITS

20, 21—R. A. Clarkson. 26, 27—Walter Iooss Jr. 28—AP. 44, 45—Hugh N. Stratford. 46—Carling Holden. 54—Don Farrell Do's News Dispatch. 58—Telegraph. 61—Tony Tomsic. 68—Ray DeCarave. 74, 75—Art Rickerby LIFE. 83—AP. 84—B. J. Beetz Pix Service Inc.; Robert C. Holt Jr.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DEBBIE HEALD, an 11-year-old distance runner for the Hutchinson Track Club of La Mirada, Calif., raced eight 12- and 13-year-old girls at a mile in Lancaster, Calif. The freckle-faced sixth-grader won by 200 yards in 5:33.9, a national best for her age.



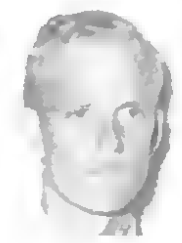
HEIZABURO OKAWA, 27, the 1964 Japanese foil champion, now representing the Los Angeles Fencing Academy, defeated one of America's top fencers, Albert Axelrod of New York City, for the U.S. men's foil title at the national championships in Santa Monica, Calif.



GARY MILLER, a 10-year-old second baseman for the West Akron (Ohio) Cubs, completed an unassisted triple play. With runners on second and third, he fielded a line drive, stepped on second, then raced to third before the remaining runner could tag up.



BETTY FEHL, 45, former Pennsylvania women's amateur golf champion, who competes in few tournaments a year, won the state's Central Championship for the 11th time. She required only 61 holes to defeat four opponents but claimed, "Winning gets tougher every year."



DOUG RUSSELL, 21, a member of the Arlington (Texas) Burford Swim Club, became the first Texan to break one minute in the 100-meter butterfly (with a time of 58.8) as he led his team to its second straight Southwestern AAU men's division championship in Austin.



ELVIN MESGER, 51, head of a shipping department in St. Louis and holder of the American Bowling Congress record for 800-or-better series (151), scored his 13th, 14th and 15th perfect games in one day—a first for the ABC—then rolled four more 300s in three weeks.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Sirs.

Your article on National League hitters is an excellent analysis of the difference between the two major leagues (*A Thunderation of Sluggers*, July 3) There is no question that the NL has become the hitters' league and the AL the pitchers' league Besides Roger Maris and Clete Boyer, whom you mentioned as AL castoffs who enjoyed switching to the NL for the sake of their batting average, another is Don Lock, a 240 lifetime hitter in the AL who is over 300 in the NL this year

However, there is one thing I would like to correct about your article The AL's strength lies principally in its pitching depth and the NL's is in its top-line stars Hence All-Star competition between the two leagues in no way indicates which is superior, since it is a test of top-line strength only A much better test is World Series competition, which has been about even during the 1960s but was dominated for 50 years before that by the AL For one thing, the World Series takes at least four games And every one of a team's 25 players—not just its top two or three—plays a role Seldom is a World Series decided by a lucky break, but that frequently happens in All-Star games.

DAVE HEEREN

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

TENNIS COURT

Sirs:

Re Bud Collins' analysis of U S amateur tennis (*The Best Losers in the World*, July 3), the future of our Davis Cup teams depends entirely on the Establishment which controls American tennis When it finally gets smart and allows pros and amateurs to compete in open tournaments, the public will rediscover the thrills of watching the game Then hard-nosed young athletes will be drawn into tennis, and our Davis Cup teams will become unbeatable. Open tennis *must* be the first link in this happy chain of events

THOMAS WILLIAM KEMP

Boca Raton, Fla.

Sirs·

Thank you for the fine article on the new Spanish king of sports, Manuel Santana (*The Reign in Spain of King Manolo*, July 3). Having lived in Europe and South America for a number of years, I appreciate your stories on foreign athletes who may not be so familiar to American audiences In Mr Deford's article, he mentioned that the only other Spaniard to be awarded the gold medal of sport was soccer star Alfredo di Estesano. If I am not mistaken, Mr Deford was referring to Alfredo di Stefano, the center-forward wizard of the five-time European Cup winner, Real Madrid. To be sure, from about 1955 to 1965, no man was more esteemed in Spanish sports than the Argentine-born Di Stefano.

In the past you have done many fine articles on soccer and its star performers, such as the Brazilian, Pelé Di Stefano was sold by the Real Madrid club a few years ago when he was deemed to be through as a player because of age After 35, few players are capable of keeping up the fast pace that the game requires Even though Di Stefano may be through as an active player, I would like to see you honor this superb athlete with a story sometime in the future. An exposition of his exploits on the soccer field might serve as an inspiration to our young players and help to raise American soccer to the stature that it enjoys in the rest of the world.

LARRY CISTON

Kansas City, Mo

SHOCKS

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the fine article by Tom Brody (*An Expo of a Different Kind*, July 3) You may be interested to know that John Harris, who was featured in the article, has decided to attend the University of Minnesota Harris, by the way, received quite a shock when he picked up his copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and saw his own picture

ROBERT M MOIR

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs·

Good to see an article on Canadian football, but a chauvinistic slant has resulted in glaring errors

The problem is emphasis We like to think that we don't go overboard and forget that football is a sport However, within set limits on emphasis we take it very seriously All high school teams that plan to win games practice from 4 to 6 30 five days a week Anything more is against conference rules Our coaches must be phys ed teachers, but that doesn't prevent many of them from being former pro and collegiate stars—or any of them from being knowledgeable experts.

Our universities are not allowed to give scholarships, but with professional coaching they all field good teams. The Canadian Football League is filled with our university graduates (stars like Ron Stewart, Whit Tucker and Russ Jackson of the Ottawa Rough Riders) The reason why we produce few of NFL-AFL caliber is again one of emphasis Our college players are full-time students, not pampered quasi-professionals

A sad truth neglected in your article was that, excepting a few offered scholarships to name schools such as Notre Dame, Michigan or Minnesota, most high school footballers who head south do so only because they are without the necessary academic qualifications to attend a Canadian university

And, finally, please try to remember that the bulk of Canada's population lives in areas with better or equal climate to that of New England, the Midwest and the Great Plains states So let's leave out the autumnal-blizzards-and-snowshoes nonsense in the future

Thanks for a chance to say my piece Usually I enjoy your magazine a great deal

STEVE THOMAS

Toronto, Ont

UNSEATED

Sirs·

In the June 19th issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you featured an article *The Sociable Shows of Summer* with several excellent pictures by Tony Triolo

You made, however, an error in a caption On page 41 there is a large picture of Linda Vass riding John Vass's horse Pete's Prince You stated in your captions that it was Mrs. Joseph Ferguson riding Vince Dugan's Tumbles Tot You were wrong

JOHN VASS

Dalton, Pa.

● We were. ED.

HONEST TO PETE

Sirs.

Pete Axthelm's account of the 79th AAU track and field meet (*See You Later, Jim Ryun*, July 3) included some first-rate sportswriting It also contained some rather unkind remarks about the host city

Mr Axthelm's adjectives, "hot" and "dusty," might be applied to almost any American city in midsummer, except that most other parts of the country endure summer humidity at the same time The temperature at last year's National AAU meet in New York, we recall, reached 100 humid degrees, as compared to our high-and-dry 75 Don Winton wrote us from the Pasadena Athletic Association, referring to the Bakersfield meet as "outstanding " He continued, "It gets our vote as the best AAU championship ever held The weather was perfect, the service was unsurpassed."

Maybe they had less time than Mr Axthelm to count "an inexhaustible supply of hard-visaged cocktail waitresses," or to examine "the harsh lives of the local migrant farm laborers."

The community of Bakersfield has matured and improved considerably since John Steinbeck visited us. Too bad Mr Axthelm failed to notice. .

GEORGE BARTON

Bakersfield, Calif.

continued

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Sirs

As a citizen of Bakersfield, I am suffering terribly from the "barrenness" around me as I gaze out of my window at my verdant lawn, blooming roses, poppies and zinnias. I glance up my street at other barren plots with cool water misting into the air over green gardens and shrubs. I am "shielding" myself from the "harsh lives of migrant farm laborers" who daily make my life unbearable by living in their homes busily tending to their own jobs, families and activities. I realize how unusual Bakersfield is to have a laboring section of its population, something no other town has—how lucky they are to be made up of "exclusive" citizens.

I feel I am being severely tested for my eventuality in hell as I go about my daily business of raising my two children, tending to my lovely home and going shopping in the multimillion dollar San Joaquin Valley Plaza Shopping Center, home of some 60 stores.

I am terribly jealous of all the other towns in the West *without* "long lines of motels." I've never seen one, but I know there must be many hidden in some paradise.

I am fully aware of the "inexhaustible supply of hard-visaged cocktail waitresses" since I drink in the same bars frequented by your reporter. Maybe someday I will be lucky enough to dine out in one of Bakersfield's many fine eating places and meet some of the exemplary waitresses.

I think it is so unfortunate that the visiting athletes found Bakersfield so "irritable" that it was impossible to perform to the best of their ability. Maybe if we had been more hospitable and our town had been more agreeable, they would have broken some records or something!

And last, but certainly not least, is Bakersfield's *unbearable* weather! Who could be expected to withstand an average temperature of 72° all year round?

Pity us!

LAURA PERRY

Bakersfield, Calif.

SUMMER SNOWS

Sirs

I read with amusement Kim Chapin's article on Hoosier-Bluegrass superiority on the basketball court (*They're Still at It in Indiana*, June 26). This is an annual summer snow job foisted on basketball buffs throughout the nation. It is evident from pro rosters and collegiate standouts that both Indiana and Kentucky are far outdistanced by Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, and are no better than southern California, Washington, D.C., and Massachusetts. In fact, it would be in their best interests to tone down the braggadocio emitted from Indianapolis and Louisville every June, because one of these days, somebody in New York City, Philadelphia or Washington is going to issue a challenge, and won't it be embarrassing when a "little old city" wipes out the best of Indiana and Kentucky, either singly or as an entry?

RICHARD V. SMITH

Baltimore

Sirs

Indiana probably produces the best shooters in the U.S., but this is only half of the game. Defense has been on the rise for the last five years or so. Indiana ballplayers don't receive enough emphasis on this aspect of the game.

Maybe Indiana, Kentucky or Illinois could be No. 1 in high school basketball, but who really knows which one is best? All that I'm saying is that a basketball classic year after year between two states doesn't prove that either state produces high school basketball's cream of the crop.

JAMES J. MASSICK

Harvey, Ill.

HIGH HOPES

Sirs

May I make some personal observations on Pete Axthelm's article, *An Icy Welcome to the NHL* (June 19)? To the best of my knowledge, nothing has been said by any NHL club with respect to the statement that the new teams drafted "rejects, fringe players and kids."

The one fact that has been universally overlooked is that, in the past, there were only six major league hockey teams, providing only 108 NHL jobs for more than 1,000 professional hockey players. As a result many extremely gifted players were forced to play in the minor leagues. Certainly one of the most desirable results of expansion is that more than 100 of these players will now have the chance to prove they can play in hockey's major league.

As chairman of the California Seals Hockey Club, I feel confident that we have drafted a team that can compete with anybody in hockey and that we can win our share of games next year against the established teams in the Eastern Division. It is true that the old teams lost very few from their National League playing rosters of last season, but when you stop to think how much money and time was spent developing these 15 top players in each organization, nobody, in all fairness, could possibly expect the teams to give them up.

I would also have to say that those people who have labeled our players "castoffs" and "pickups" have not hurt us. In fact, they have given our coaches a tremendous psychological weapon. Any man playing for an expansion club next year who has not taken offense at these various labels does not deserve to call himself a professional athlete.

BARRY VAN GERBIG

Oakland, Calif.

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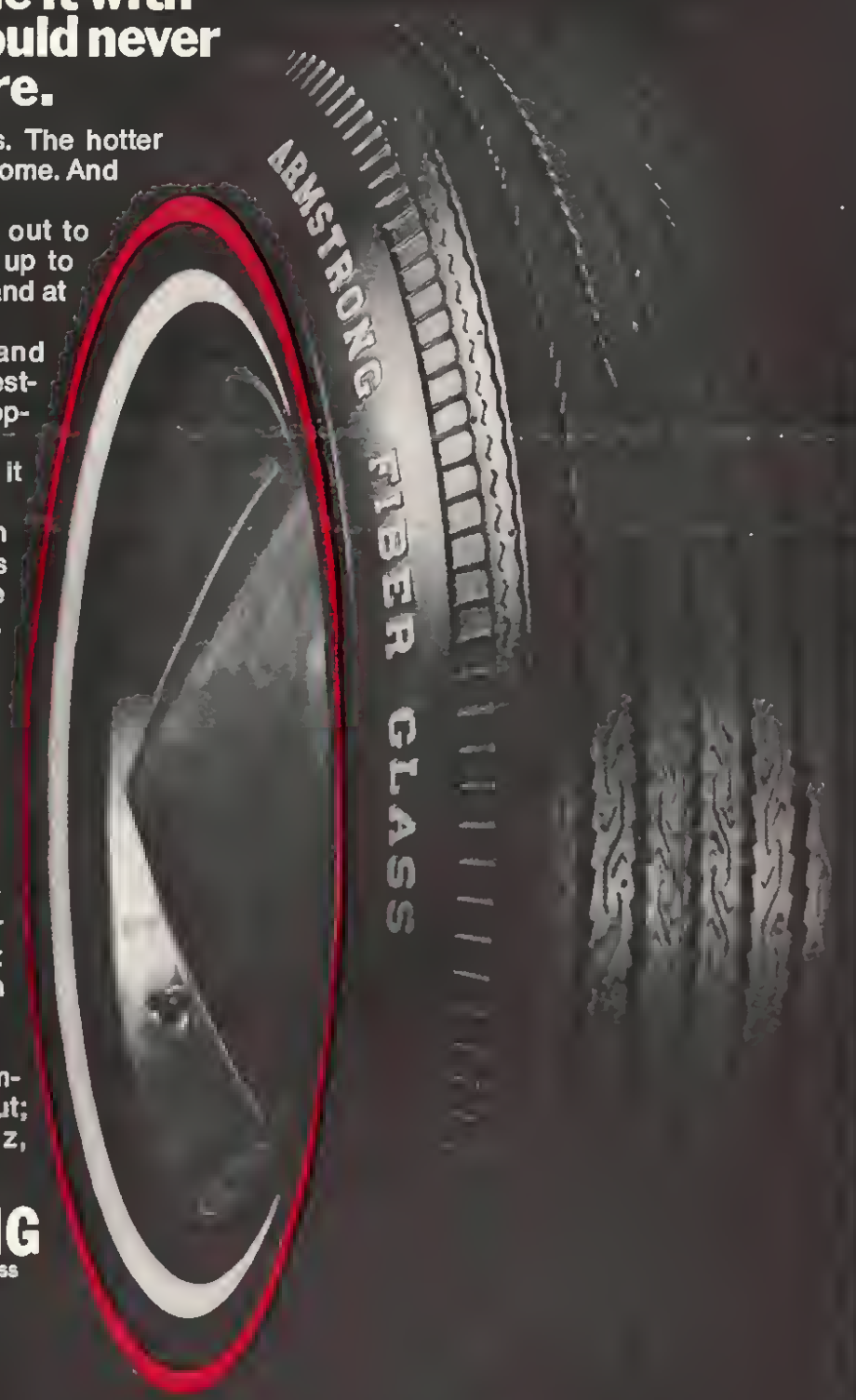
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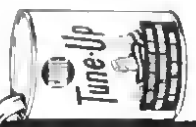
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Muggsy McGraw and His Giants on a Seesaw

During the 20th century's second decade, John J. McGraw's New York Giants won the pennant four times, finished last once and set a record that still stands for topsy-turvy ball **by HAROLD PETERSON**

If you're a Giant fan and feeling a little uncertain about your team in this rather unsettled year of 1967, cast your eyes back over half a century to the Giants of 1916. After finishing dead last the year before, that unpredictable and unprecedented outfit began its new season with a loss, a win, then eight straight losses, three of them to the archenemy Brooklyn Robins. Following this inauspicious beginning the 1916 Giants went on to set two records that still stand: they won 17 consecutive games on a single road trip and 26 straight at home. After all this they finished the season in fourth place.

Undismayed by his team's grisly showing in 1915, Manager John J. McGraw began 1916 with virtually all the old pros who had won three consecutive pennants for him still on the roster. About the only radical change he made was the purchase of brash Benny Kauff from Oilman Barry Sinclair. Sinclair at the time was auctioning off remnants of the ill-starred Federal League to recoup part of his incautious investment in that outlaw association.

Kauff, who had been billed as "the Ty Cobb of the Federal League," arrived weeks late at the Marlin, Texas training camp wearing a derby hat, fur-collared coat, one of his 75 striped silk shirts, patent-leather shoes, a diamond stickpin, a diamond ring, a diamond-encrusted watch and carrying $7,500 in cash. Kauff made no apologies for his tardiness. He told reporters that he could bat .330 left-handed in this crummy league and that he certainly didn't need any spring training to hit bums like Grover Cleveland Alexander. McGraw was delighted, and Kauff was assured of playing center field between George Burns and Davey Robertson. The somewhat less talkative future Hall of Famer Eddie Roush, who was acquired from Sinclair at the same time for far less money, was assured of nothing more than a seat on the bench.

McGraw's old infield—Hans Lobert, Art Fletcher, Larry Doyle and Fred Merkle—stayed set. Bill Rariden was the catcher. Christy Mathewson continued to head the pitching staff.

As the season got under way it became apparent that Christy, while retaining his wonderful control, had even less stuff than during the previous season, when he won eight and lost 14. But somewhat unfairly, since Giant pitching had been uniformly inadequate, most of the criticism for early failure fell on an innocuous pair of pitchers named Schupp and Schauer. Perhaps beguiled by the euphonious sound of the combination, McGraw had taken to using these two in tandem. The results were not always impressive. Said one reporter sourly, "It seldom Schupps but what it Schauers."

The old Manhattan of brownstones and broughams was fast resigning itself to a second year of baseball ignominy, and when the New Yorkers left the Polo Grounds for their first western swing it was, as a disillusioned fan said later, "with no friend except their bat boy, who was wavering in his allegiance."

Sidling into Pittsburgh on May 9 with their mouths zipped shut, for once, they surprised the Pirates with 13 runs and 16 hits. Then they astonished themselves by sweeping the four-game series. They went on to Chicago, where they won two games against Tinker's hated Cubs. A third was rained out; a fourth was called because of the cold. After that they swept four in St. Louis; Mathewson himself came in from the bullpen to save one of those.

In Cincinnati the Giants won three more. Then they routed the Boston Braves in four consecutive games. Allowing only four singles, the aging Mathewson won the last of the series, the Giants' 17th straight, 3–0. He caught one line smash barehanded to start a crucial double play.

Averaging five runs and 10 hits per game, the Giants arrived at Philadelphia's Baker Field needing only a Decoration Day doubleheader to come home undefeated. The morning game was a scoreless tie in the eighth, when Merkle, with two men on, hit a pitch that seemed about to clear the left-field fence. Claude Cooper sprawled over the wall to make the catch, and that did it for the Giants in the first game. But they won the second and returned to New York with a record of victories on the road that no team has threatened in 51 years.

Now only one and a half games out of first place and coming fast, the Giants were again the Giants of yore, leading the league in hitting and scaring opponents just by scowling hard. "That ball club didn't come out on the field to shake hands," says Club Secretary Eddie Brannick, who has been with the Giants since 1905. "They were rough." A less restrained observer referred to "McGraw's aggregation, stamping, snorting, breathing flame from their nostrils and curdling the depths of the heavens with their frenzied battle cry."

Back at the Polo Grounds, however, the snorts turned to grunts as McGraw's boys blew all but four of their next 13 games. Terrible-tempered Muggsy was at his most irascible. One day on the bench McGraw turned to Jeff Tesreau, his best pitcher, and growled, "Jeff, what was that last pitch?" "I didn't see it, Mr. McGraw," Tesreau admitted. "You better see the next one," McGraw roared, "or it'll cost you $50."

After that disastrous home stand he exploded into a fit of trading, beginning with a bizarre deal for Cincinnati's manager. To the Redlegs went Roush, Third Baseman Bill McKechnie and McGraw's best friend, Mathewson, who had always wanted to manage. In exchange New York got Manager Charley Herzog, a McGraw enemy but a fine third baseman, whose name sounded Jewish. "Mr. McGraw," chuckles Brannick, "was always looking for Jewish players." Too much so, some of his fellow Irishmen thought. One day when they an-

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nounced 'Andy Cohen is batting for Shanty Hogan,' a fellow stood up in the grandstand and yelled in a loud brogue, 'And Callahan is going home!'"

At about the same time McGraw traded off Merkle to Brooklyn for Lew McCarty, a slugging catcher. Next he brought up Walter Holke to cover first base and sent reliever Schauer down to Rochester. The New York manager had also bought left-hand curve-baller Harry Sallee from St. Louis, and even Tesreau barely escaped the block by winning a 1–0 shutout.

To compensate for McCarty's admitted deficiencies as a strategist ("a dumb catcher could break the Bank of England," McGraw was fond of telling Lew) the New York manager took to flashing most of the pitching signs himself. That was more complicated than it sounds, because McGraw's normal conduct in the dugout consisted of scratching, tugging, nodding and gesturing endlessly and without meaning. He would signal his pitcher by relaying verbal orders to a stooge seated seven or eight men down the bench, the stooge then gave the real signs.

All the way around the infield, from third base to catcher, only one man remained from the original lineup—lanky, drawling Art Fletcher, a former stenographer, who was so self-conscious about his prominent chin that he had Spalding sew a special high collar on his uniform. But the trading accomplished little. The Giants went on losing.

Then, on the Thursday after Labor Day, they started winning once more, for as little apparent reason as they had been losing. The much-despised Ferdie Schupp beat the Robins 4–1 on a two-hitter. An extravagance of hits overwhelmed Alexander 9–3, and Perritt beat Philadelphia 3–1 in the first game of Saturday's doubleheader. Perritt was a normally laconic Louisianian who had suffered the inevitable indignity of being nicknamed Polly. All through that first game the Phillie fans were on him. "Polly Perritt is a cracker," they yelled. Perritt entered the New York dressing room in a quiet rage and implored McGraw to let him pitch the second game, too. McGraw demurred on the grounds that Perritt was not Iron Man McGinnity, but his heretofore docile pitcher was so insistent that the manager finally agreed. Poll responded by permitting the Phils only four hits and no runs in the nine innings that followed.

Now the Giants really did stomp and snort. Schupp, who had won only one major league game in three seasons before 1916, won six straight (four on shutouts) and finished with an ERA of 0.90. Still straight, slim and suntanned today at 75, Schupp in 1916 was the talk of baseball. Alternating a burning fast ball, what he calls "a helluva curve," a fork ball and a changeup that broke like a spitter, the little left-hander gave up exactly 17 hits and two earned runs during his streak. "But the game I remember best," Schupp says, his blue eyes crinkling wistfully, "was against Boston Sept. 28. Buck Herzog, who was playing second base, was beefing over something with the Braves' first-base coach. So when Big Ed Konetchy, their first baseman, hit a drihhler Herzog didn't even make a move for it, and I lost my no-hitter."

Close behind Schupp were the other Giant pitchers. Tesreau won seven consecutive starts, Rube Benton won five, Sallee two and Perritt two more. Bill Ritter and rookie George Smith each took one. When Benton won their 26th straight on Sept. 30 with a one-hitter it was the Giant staff's 11th shutout in the last 17 games. The toll would have been 12 if someone hadn't left a gate open in the right-field fence and let a ball skip through for an outside-the-park, groundball home run.

Then, true to their perverse fate, on the last day of September in their final home game the Giants resumed losing. On the third of October, in a strange and ironic epilogue to the weirdest of all seasons, McGraw himself angrily abandoned his bench and left the ball park, bitterly accusing his players of not putting out. He didn't come back. While New York finished out the season by losing its last game, McGraw, incommunicado, played the ponies at Laurel racetrack in Baltimore.

The Giants, who had started their winning streak in fourth place, ended the 26 games still in fourth. "We never moved up," Schupp says, "but we gained a hell of a lot of ground."

"They remind me," wrote Tad Dorgan of the old New York *Evening Journal*, "of a fighter who has just been knocked out going down the aisle licking everybody in the house."

The following year they won the pennant by 10 games. **END**

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Ambassador DPL is another graphic example
of American Motors' fine line of automobiles, one of 29 leading cars
with quality components* made by Budd.

THE Budd COMPANY
AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION • DETROIT, MICH.

*Budd products include fenders, hoods, roofs, doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, drum and disc brakes, and disc brake parts.

Mental retardation never kills anyone.

But who can count the lives it's wasted?



It's not a killer like heart disease or eaneer. Yet, no human affliction is more wasteful than mental retardation.

Think of the babies doomed from birth to live out their years uselessly . . . the children who never have a ehance to learn what they are eapable of learning . . . the retarded adults, trained to work, but refused jobs.

What a waste! What a loss!

We ean ehange this. How?

Start by finding out what your eommunity or state is doing to salvage many of these lives.

Are programs under way in education, recreation, vocational training? Are they directed by teachers and others who really understand the retarded and how they ean best be helped?

Remember, fully 85 pereent of the retarded can beeome productive citizens—if given the special help they need and deserve.

Don't wait for the other fellow to take the lead. Use your own influence, or that of a group to which you belong, to assure the retarded their rights as fellow human beings and fellow eitizens.

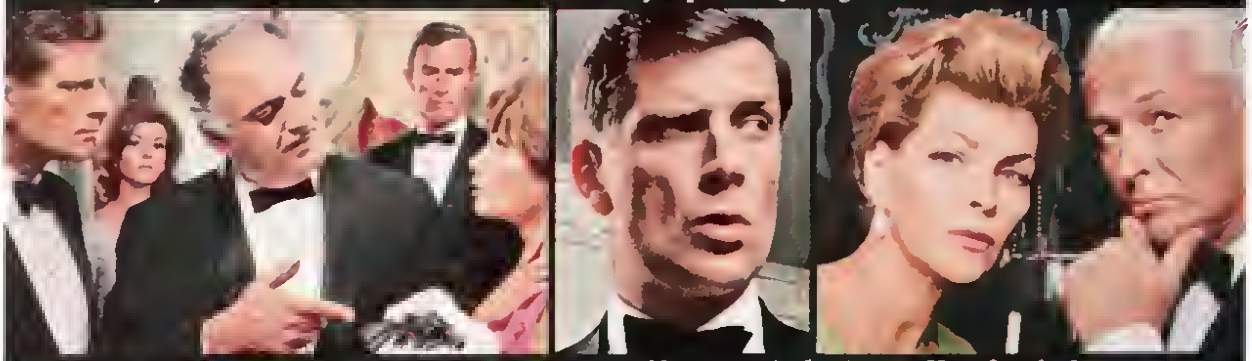
For more information, send for the free booklet. Address: The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C. 20201.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

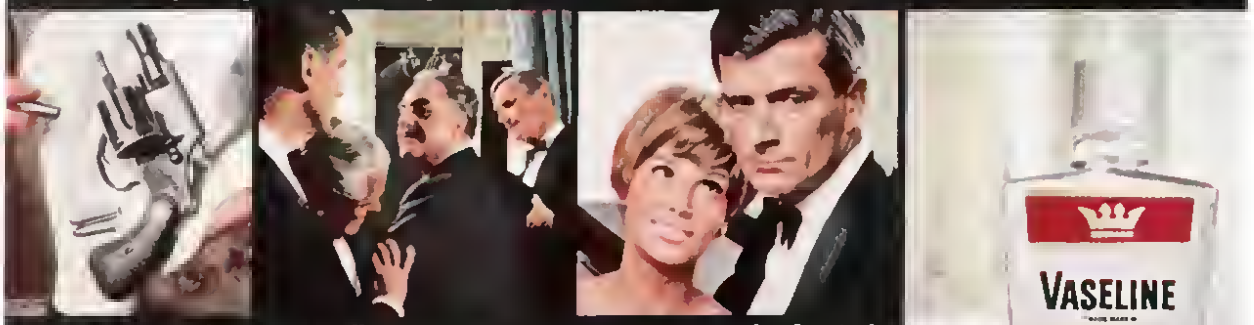




His host has just been shot. "I saw her shoot him." "No! I just picked up the gun." "You're a liar..."



"I saw smoke pouring from the gun, my dear." "Impossible, you're the liar." How does he know?



.38 caliber cartridges are virtually smokeless. Some men are hard to fool.



The man who knows how to take care of himself uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic.

Brings out the male in your hair...naturally



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF · DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.



Popular round fifth available as usual.



Now you can take Old Crow wherever you go. In the tuckaway fifth is the same mellow, smooth Bourbon you find in the familiar round bottle. Famous since 1835, today Old Crow is the most popular Bourbon in the land.

The tuckaway fifth that packs as flat as your shirt!